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"C'EST MOI!"—BY WEISZ.

OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY JAMES PAYN.

From all that one reads concerning the first night at the Authors' Club, it seems to have been a successful evening, but I cannot believe that, as a permanent institution, the reading aloud by authors—to authors—of their own works can be popular. When barristers meet together, we all observe how they fight shy of making speeches; they have too much of them in real life, and, moreover, except in professional vituperation, their speeches are never addressed to one another—they are for juries and the public at large. Something of the kind surely applies to authors. If I meet a great writer I like to talk to him; but if he were to say: "I happen to have my new novel, or my forthcoming epic, in manuscript in my pocket, and I'm hanged if I don't read it to you," I should send for the police. Nothing—nothing—would induce me to listen to it. Of course, if it is understood that reading aloud is to be the amusement of the evening, there is nothing to complain of—one need not go: but merely to say, "The proceedings will be similar to those of the So-and-So Club at such a place" does not, to everybody, reveal the nature of the entertainment. I have no doubt, from the names of the authors mentioned, that what they read was very good; but "how much nicer it would have been" will be the reflection of most people, "to have read it oneself!" It is only a small minority of the human race who like things read aloud, but a much larger one enjoys reading aloud to other people, and it is certain that this privilege will be in demand. Every listener will expect sooner or later to have his—well, I do not say his revenge, but his wild hour of reprisal; and perhaps everybody's book will not prove so entertaining as those of the writers chosen for this first venture. As a genuine well-wisher to the success of the Authors' Club, I venture to think that this matter deserves consideration.

Sometimes "even the youngest of us makes a mistake" in quotation, and how much oftener those whose memory is not so good as it used to be. Other mental attributes improve with the revolving years: as is well known, the intelligence "matures," but the memory occasionally fails. It has happened to myself rather recently in this very "Note Book," or I should scarcely have believed it possible. I have hitherto considered the rheumatic but conscientious writer who left his bed at midnight in the winter to consult an authority in his bookcase, in order to verify a quotation he had written the preceding day, as a little too scrupulous; but henceforth I take him as my model. It is better to increase one's rheumatism than to have one's correspondence multiplied tenfold. Still, when one has made a misquotation, it gives pleasure to a great many readers (if they find it out). They sit down in the highest spirits to convict you of your error, and to hint that they could have never made it themselves. If you didn't know, you ought to have looked; but the idea of your not knowing, that is what surprises them so. Why, every schoolboy knows, &c. There are, at least, twenty correspondents to whom my little slip has given the highest satisfaction. It is true that ten others are furiously angry, but, if the greatest happiness of the greatest number is really what should guide us, I have been involuntarily a public benefactor. However, I should not have mentioned the matter—for the golden rule in journalism is never to own to a mistake—but for the cheerful and encouraging view taken by one of my correspondents. "I reckon," he says (whereby, among other reasons, I take him for a Transatlantic cousin) "that you have been pretty considerably chawed up for your blunder the other day; now, take my advice and don't 'back down' about it. Anybody can acknowledge he's wrong, though very few of us do so; and you can't exactly say you're right—not to be believed, that is. But in cases of this kind you can take much higher ground than that, and there are two ways of doing it: (1) You can say that though you have not quoted the author's words you have gone one better, by using better words. This is a bold course to take and rather risky, but, after all, it is 'a matter of opinion,' as the gentleman said who had a disagreement with twelve others (jurymen) in a box. (2) You can say that the 'original editions' of the misquoted work have the words as you printed them; or if you like to go one more and say the 'original manuscript,' that will be even more convincing. Try it."

Against the seductive smiles and tears of the fair sex there have been many notes of warning. Their production, we are told, is as easy as lying. A savan has recently demonstrated that the "crystal globules," so doated upon by Mrs. Nickleby's eccentric suitor, descend at will, like water from a shower-bath when the string is pulled. But this information does not weaken their power over us in the least. It is the privilege of mankind, as the poet justly remarks, "to kiss them away." Smiles and tears are, after all, but temporary matters, intended more or less for our delectation, and we have no right to inquire too curiously into their source. But somehow one does not like the new discovery of the production of dimples by electricity. A dimple is a permanency, and to plant one where it does not naturally exist is an act of duplicity. The mere dimpling of the features produced by a laughable idea (or by tickling) is another matter. I refer to those lovely little depressions in the cheek and chin, in which young persons

are fabled "to bury their loves." That Science should have so much as a little finger in the formation of these things is an outrage on Romance; it is as though a manufactory should be started for the turning out of "fairy rings." The imitation is said to be so admirable that it is impossible to recognise it as such; but it requires a constant supply of electricity, capable of giving almost as great a shock as the discovery of the deception itself; for this reason the dimplee, if I may so call her, has to be specially protected, and when in the open air, at all events, may be recognised by her wearing, like cricketers (though, of course, of a much more delicate make), india-rubber gloves. This is worth knowing.

"To rob a poor man of his beer" is always considered an especially cruel fraud, on a level with pilfering from the poor's box or the tin pot of a blind beggar; but to rob a poor organ boy of his monkey, as happened the other day, is even a more abominable crime. To steal his hurdy-gurdy, for the purpose of destroying it for good and all, would seem, to many persons, justifiable; but to steal his monkey, his little friend in red, his relative (and, if Darwin is right, his antecedent), is an act of cruelty that puts everyone's monkey up who hears it. In the case in question there were two monkeys, and the thief took both of them. Their value, it appears, was six pounds, but all the wretch obtained for them, one is glad to read, was thirteen shillings. There are other points of satisfaction to be derived from the evidence: one is the sagacity of the police, who recovered both the little creatures, though they had changed hands since the theft no less than five times. One would have thought that in London, where there are so many monkeys about, this feat would have been impossible. Another is that the monkeys "bit the man all over," on which plea he had the impudence to ask to be let off. But the magistrate very properly said it was no ordinary theft to deprive a foreigner of his means of livelihood. The meeting between the animals and their original proprietor was of a most affecting character.

Mr. Andrew Lang calculates that there are at present about a hundred thousand novelists in Great Britain; only one out of every hundred or so, however, having the good (or ill) fortune to be published. It seems a pity that some plan cannot be hit upon by which this very large literary circle should be made its own public; but I have noticed that amateur writers do not take kindly to works written by their own class. A century ago there seems to have been a tolerable nucleus of amateur novelists. In the *Times* of April 18, 1796, there occurs the following statement: "Four thousand and seventy-three novels are now in the press from the pens of young ladies of fashion. At Mrs. D——'s school all the young ladies in the fourth class write novels, and those parents who are rich are at the expense of printing them. Lady L—— G—— and Lady C—— E—— are busily employed upon two rival novels, which are the favourite work of young ladies at present, and the lawful successors of bell ropes, coronet cushions, and painted flower-pots." This may have been the *Times's* "fun," but how very funny it would read if it had statements of that description now!

In the same newspaper there is a really amusing song (with music) concerning a fashion which I am told is "coming in" among ladies of our own day. It is entitled "Shepherd, I have lost my Waist"—

Never shall I see it more,
Till, common-sense returning,
My body to my legs restore,
Then I shall cease from mourning.
Folly and fashion do prevail
To such extremes among the fair,
A woman's only top and tail,
The body's vanished Heaven knows where.

At the same time enormously high feathers were worn. "The ladies now wear feathers exactly of their own length, so that a woman of fashion is twice as long on her feet as in her bed. . . . A young lady, only ten feet high, was overset in the late gale in Portland Place"; and "at all elegant assemblies there is a room set apart to put their feathers on, as it is impossible to wear them in any carriage with a top to it. The lustres are also removed upon this account, and the doors carried up to the ceiling. A well-dressed lady who nods with dexterity can give a friend a little tap upon the shoulders across the room, without incommoding the dancers." (*Times*, Dec. 29, 1795.)

A pamphlet lies before me entitled "The London Amateur Journalists' Club," affiliated to the "British Amateur Press Association." I have never heard of the institution, but it is fair to say it seems to have no intention of making money out of the amateur. Its object, it states, is solely to promote discussion upon social and literary matters, to introduce young men of humble rank to kindred spirits, and to afford an opportunity for would-be disciples of the Fourth Estate to fit themselves for it. The question, however, naturally suggests itself, But why should the club be an amateur one? The pamphlet informs us that there are no less than eight amateur publications published in London—the *Freelance*, the *Planet*, the *Primrose*, the *Sunbeam*, the *Garland*, *Notes and Notions*, the *Gem*, and the *Amateur Journalist*.

My own experience of amateurs in literature is extensive, but probably not peculiar. They are always with Us (the Us, of course, being editors), though we do not know why, for we give them little encouragement, and they denounce us on all occasions and with the utmost vehemence. What they demand is that their contributions shall be printed; the payment, in the first place (if one may borrow a phrase from Hibernia), is but a secondary matter. In this respect alone they differ from the unemployed on Tower Hill. Their arguments are precisely the same. They start with the dogma that everyone who wants work must be supplied with it forthwith. They do not understand that they are not employed because it is not remunerative to employ them. In an admirable article on the Labour question a daily paper recently observed: "Laying out new streets is a favourite prescription, but it is to be presumed, if the new streets are really wanted, they would naturally employ the workmen whose trade is road-making." So, even if a new publication is started, it does not look to the amateur for help but to the professional. The amateur, if he expects to get on, must cease to be one, and the sooner he drops his title, which is only another name for incompetency, the better. Those who wish well to either amateur journalist clubs or amateur publications will do well to strike that name out of their programmes. It may swell their numbers, but it will certainly militate against their success.

A Wesleyan divine, not unmindful, perhaps, of the "Little Chronicle" in this newspaper, expresses a hope that he shall "one fine morning" find upon our breakfast table a newspaper which shall contain, "not all the murders and adulteries that can be raked together, but the examples of truth, tenderness, unselfishness, true courage, and devotion amongst us." The proposition seems an excellent one, even if its effect be only to destroy the dogma of "the total depravity of the human race," so eagerly dwelt upon by harsh theologians; but it would also surely tend to the encouragement of well-doing. Whether such a journal would at first be popular among a community to whom the details of vice and crime have so long been welcome is doubtful enough, but it seems just one of those cases where a trial would be justifiable.

A merciful Providence fashioned us hollow, the poet tells us, "O' purpose that we should our principles swallow"; and in these days we certainly take every advantage of the convenience. As to "eating our words," it is done so often on the political platform that the feat ceases to attract comment. To undertake, however, as an American gentleman did previous to the late Presidential election, to eat a live turtle if Mr. Harrison did not gain a majority seems to be pushing the matter to too great an extremity. A turtle, however minute it may be, is more material than a principle, especially if one swallows the shell. The creature indeed—said to be still alive—is giving his swallower a great deal of inconvenience, and it is possible that in the end he may "turn turtle" himself; or, in other words, that his gallant resolution to keep his word may cost him his life. When a man says he will "eat his hat" if so-and-so happens, and it does happen, he generally finds some excuse, in the example of King Herod or elsewhere, for the non-performance of his vow; or when he protests he will be a Dutchman, he still retains his own nationality upon some plea or another. One should always leave a loophole under such circumstances. If the American gentleman had vowed to swallow "a turtle," instead of "a live turtle," he might have satisfied his conscience with a mock turtle, and been none the worse for it.

An example of royal generosity has been reported to us from Vienna, which may be followed by quite ordinary people. "The Emperor of Austria has presented a silver medal *pour le mérite* to a female servant, who has in his judgment earned it by remaining seventy years in the employ of one family." One would have thought that in the case of a Sovereign a gold medal might have been given to this ancient retainer, especially since it is obvious it was but for once and away. There are surely not two women in Austria who have passed seventy years in the service of one family. Even if the silver medal cost five shillings, it would be within the means of many people to offer a similar reward, and, what is of great advantage in charitable benefactions, with very little risk of having to pay it.

London magistrates have often to adjudicate on very delicate questions on short notice. One of them decided the other day that a young lady who had broken off her engagement need not give up her engagement-ring. Though on the first blush this seems inequitable, I think he was right. What her young man wanted it back for was doubtless to give it to some other young woman—a design which in the interest of romance ought to be discouraged. It is confessed by proselytes that the conversion of a person to their creed costs a good deal, but no one contends that if he becomes a backslider he must return the money. Moreover, "the custom of the trade," in matrimonial matters, might reasonably be pleaded. I once knew a young lady—and not, indeed, so very young—who boasted of possessing four engagement-rings, which she used playfully to call "my scalps."

NANITY.

BY THE REV. DR. JESSOPP.

"If I were the Most High, I would allow no dwarfs in my universe." So wrote my friend Mr. Cadaverous on a scrap of paper which has come down to me among his voluminous MSS., and as my eye lit upon it yesterday the aphorism startled me. Profane or irreverent Mr. Cadaverous could not be; but he had a way of expressing himself at times which precisians were apt to be horrified at. It so happens that I can recall the occasion when those words were spoken. I remember we were discussing the future of my son, as we were in the habit of doing, with earnest communings, discussing the name we would call him; discussing the method of educating him which we were determined to adopt; discussing his physical training; discussing a great deal else. For it was a favourite subject with us all, and naturally so. But this particular afternoon we had set ourselves to prepare for his marriage. I admit that this was looking rather far ahead, for our heir had not yet appeared upon the face of the earth, and, to tell the plain truth, he has not yet been seen among men. Not yet has he grown into a child *in esse*. But that made it all the easier for us to theorise in those old days. We were perfectly impartial, perfectly free from passion and prejudice—were *fortes in tabulis*, as you may say. We were moving in the region of ideas. It was then that Mr. Cadaverous uttered his oracular dictum. It was a kind of challenge to us—the Princess and me!

Women are so much quicker than we, the dullards, of the male persuasion, that it was only to be expected that she should speak first. "Measure my height and tell me what you call me, Sir!" She curtsied with a mock abasement. "Perfection, Madam! You exactly reach my heart!"

But what did he mean by *dwarfs*? She would not let him off so easily. These wrappings of verbiage would not do for her. Off with them! "Life is real! life is earnest!" Were we not to be serious, definite, lucid, logical, when we were engaged upon the greatest of problems—how to excogitate first, to educate next, and, finally, to marry that boy of the future, who would be the man of the future some day? "Have done with Transcendentalism, I insist, Mr. Cadaverous. We will have no tripods and incense and incoherences. At Delphi they got tired even of the woman when she paltered too long with them in a double sense. And you—what are you but a great, gawky man?"

There was no resisting her. "By nanity I understand the condition of those who labour under any abnormal deficiency." "Then why didn't you say so?" she cried, "instead of making short people feel uncomfortable and wasting our time?"

After this we set ourselves to work in a sort of Socratic fashion. We did not get at all beyond bodily deficiencies at this sitting. But we did get a little way. To begin with, our boy's bride must have the woman's crown of glory, great masses of hair. That was one point on which we were unanimous. But, oh! the fierce debate that followed as to how that hair should grow! After long and vehement talk, we passed one other resolution by a majority of two to one—voting by ballot: the bride should never have known the touch of crimping-irons or frizzling-irons (is that the word?) or curlpapers. Mr. Cadaverous outdid himself here. He gravely declared that in the *Æthiopic* version of the Book of Judges Samson was made to say that no *iron* had come near his head, and that we ought to read, "If I be *curled*, my strength will go from me." He added that Jezebel *curled* her hair when she looked out of the window—"curled it with tongs, Madam!"—and that fringes and fuzziness and bunchiness are only wicked disfigurements or concealments of deformity. He protested that hair was a sacred trust—a mysterious gift—that nothing indicated so strongly that a race had sunk into barbarism or worse than its treatment of its hair. He protested that an undoubted test for discovering whether a woman was really insane or only shamming was afforded by the condition of her hair under the microscope; that in the ages of faith to cut off a woman's hair was to brand her with the stamp of dishonour; that a bride with a ring through her nose was not desirable, but "the other thing," as he indignantly expressed it, was—I will not repeat his words! The conclusion was that our boy's bride should be measured from the sole of her foot to the tip of her hair at its longest, and if the proportion between the length of the hair and the fullness of her stature from tip to tip were below the ideal standard, the *capillary dwarf*, as he, Mr. Cadaverous, called her, was to be hopelessly rejected as an unqualified aspirant for the hand of our son.

"It seems to me," said the Princess, "that at this rate we shall never get down to the chin, my sage!" I thought that was a marvellous stroke of hers. For on a former occasion we had had a long debate upon the advisability of resorting to the *nose machine*, which had been extensively advertised about that time, and we had come to very high words on the subject of sneezing, and on the significance of the nose from a moral point of view. And if this question of the nose were to be passed over during this present debate, we should have found ourselves employed upon the maiden's lips. With a theorist of Mr. Cadaverous's turn of mind and habits of speech there was no knowing what might not be said.

Chin! Why, we had not yet begun upon the eyes! It would take seven columns of this wonderful Journal to report what was said on that subject. But, to sum it up in brief, the conclusion we came to was this: that our son should be strictly forbidden from his earliest infancy to be commonly civil to any female who wore spectacles before she was sixty. "The Fates," cried Mr. Cadaverous, "were near-sighted, not blind—so were the Furies; so was Medusa, she wore an eyeglass; so was Messalina; so were all the vicious women in Juvenal—*poscit collyria* is true of them, every one! It was an ogress who invented the *pince-nez*. These visual dwarfs are the very worst of monstrosities. Our boy must be protected from the touch of them. What! Could we bear the thought of his bride wearing a trumpet? Think of the priest at the altar bawling loudly into that instrument, 'Wilt thou, &c., and being met by the answer, 'What did you say, Sir?'"

Was he not right, this grim man with his intolerant soul?

Shortness of sight, my friends, is a physical, intellectual, and moral deformity, and is it not dreadfully hereditary? I pity such sufferers, even to the verge of abhorring them; but I am not prepared as yet to advocate the extinction of them all. I look forward to the age when man shall co-operate with beneficent Nature, and only the fittest shall be permitted to survive. We have not yet arrived at that. No! But in the meantime let us make a beginning, and for ourselves and the heir of the ages that we are bound to guard let it be understood that his bride shall at least have hair that hath never been frizzed, and ears that require no trumpet, and a nose that could not see straight and clear and far. I will have my son and heir look into his beloved's eyes—not into her glasses. With those articles upon her nose how can he be sure they will be achromatic? He might mistake green for blue.

My readers will see that we had some rather curious discussions in those old days. We were not afraid of one another, and, above all, we did not worship sonorous wisdom. We wandered at our own sweet will wherever the freaks of the moment pointed, and we did not so very, very much lose our way after all.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

THE LATE DR. PETERSEN.

The city of Hamburg, which so recently claimed our sympathy by its lamentable sufferings under the cholera visitation, and



THE LATE DR. CARL PETERSEN, BURGOMASTER OF HAMBURG.

which, by its historical dignity in past ages, as well as by its commercial importance, ranks high among the cities of Northern Europe, has lost one of its oldest and most eminent citizens, Dr. Carl Petersen, a lawyer, a Senator, formerly Burgomaster, and something of a statesman and diplomatist, representing the ancient municipal Republic, especially in its relations to the kingdom of Prussia. He was eighty-three years of age, respected by all classes for his public and private character, and for the many services which he had rendered to his native city, whose local privileges he helped to preserve by a judicious and prudent policy, and to improve its trade by joining the Zollverein, four years ago, connecting this port with the whole of the German Empire.

UGANDA AND EAST AFRICA.

On Oct. 8, the Right Rev. F. Tucker, Bishop of Equatorial Africa, left Freretown, in Mombasa Harbour, for his long and toilsome journey inland to Uganda, the important native kingdom on the north-west shores of Lake Victoria Nyanza, over which the British East Africa Company has of late years exercised a certain degree of control. Mr. Henry Francis Gordon, agent of the Church Missionary Society in charge of its establishments at Mombasa, has favoured us with sketches of the town and harbour; of the scene on that occasion, when the Company's steam launch, towing the boats, conveyed Bishop Tucker and his party across the water, cheered by a

large assemblage of people on the beach at Freretown; and two views also of Mengo, the capital city of Uganda, and Kampala, the fortified station of the British Company there, which was occupied by Captain Lugard and Captain Williams as the Company's officers.

The situation of Mombasa, a commercial seaport of some value, ceded by the Sultan of Zanzibar to English possession a few years ago, should be observed in explanation of the first of these views. The land shown to the left hand is the island on which the town, with about 50,000 inhabitants, and the ancient Portuguese fort are built, only a small portion of the town being seen in this view. Beyond the point marked by a black-and-white post lies the channel separating the island from the mainland shore at Freretown, where five large white houses, belonging to the Church Missionary Society, are distinctly observed: these are, enumerated from left to right, the ladies' house, the Bishop's house, the secretary's house and office, the diocesan cashier's house, and the printing-office. Behind them rise the hills and distant mountains of the interior, across which Bishop Tucker must travel several hundred miles westward from Rabai, the starting-point of his inland journey, to the eastern shore of the great lake.

Mengo, the capital of King Mwanga in Uganda, is now difficult of access from the sea-coast; but if ever the proposed railway to Lake Victoria Nyanza could be constructed, and steam-boats placed on that lake, it would be reached in a week from Mombasa, instead of two or three months. Our view of the native city, with the "King's Houses" or palace buildings, is taken from Rubaga, the neighbouring site of the former capital in the reign of King Mtesa, father of Mwanga; and so is the view of the English official resident's fort, Kampala. The native towns are, however large and populous, mere villages of big circular huts, constructed of grass on a framework of poles; the superior mansions are enclosed by high stockades; but the streets are wide and straight, and are kept quite clean.

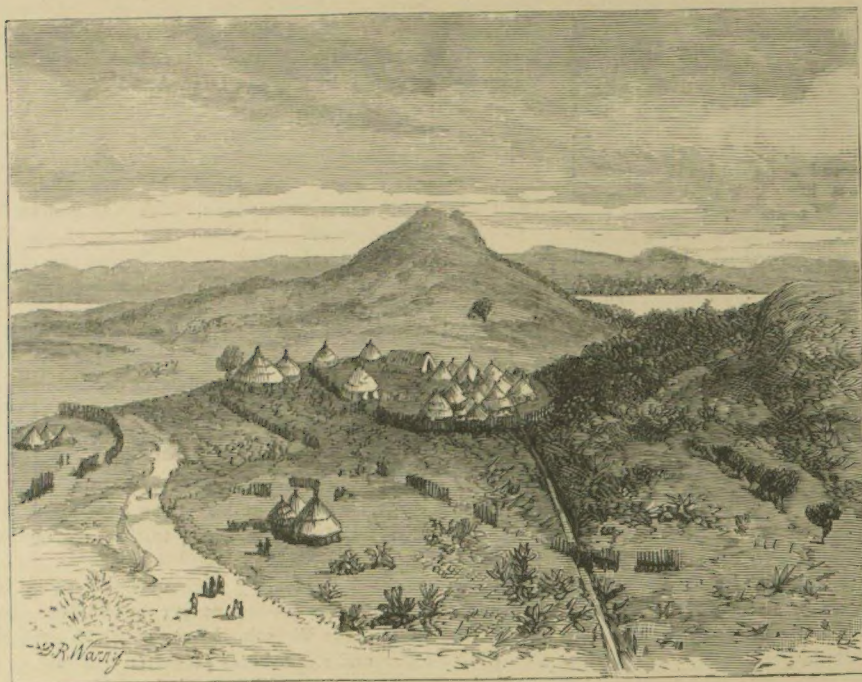
TRANSPORT OF PRISONERS IN MOROCCO.

The recent insurrection of the Anghera tribes in the neighbourhood of Tangier against the misrule of a provincial Pasha under the Sultan of Morocco, though already terminated by an arrangement with some promises of relief from their immediate grievances, was deemed worthy of notice as an example of the generally unsettled state of affairs in that western Mohammedan empire. The Sultan is obliged, almost every year, to undertake military expeditions in one part or another of his dominions, to enforce the payment of taxes or tributes, or to inflict punishment either on tribal insurgents, who are of different native races, or on disobedient Moorish feudal subjects capable of resisting his commands. It can hardly be called civil war, because there is no civilisation; but the condition of feeble barbarism is amply illustrated by the chronic disorder of Morocco. Our Artist's Sketch of prisoners on the march represents an occurrence that may often be witnessed in the interior of that unhappy land. You may, for example, meet a troop of negro horsemen, guarding a wretched captive heavily chained, who was lately the governor of a distant province, and is now being sent to Fez, or to the city of Morocco, where a loathsome imprisonment may force him to give up his hoarded treasure.

THE VOLUNTEER MOVEMENT IN CEYLON.

The Ceylon Volunteers returned on Sept. 10 from the third and most successful of the annual encampments at Urugasmanhandiya.

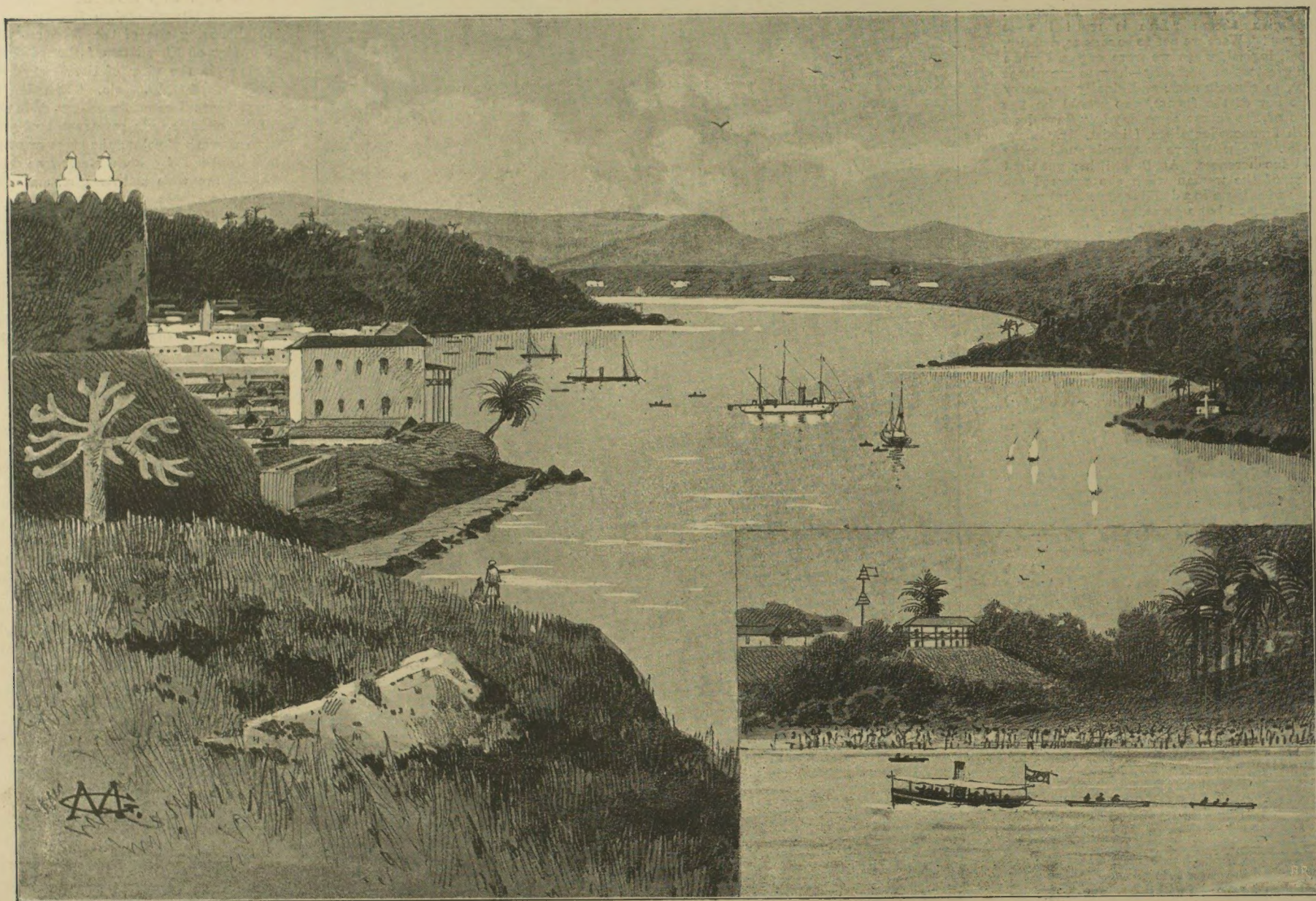
This year the men wore khaki and blue serge putties instead of red coats and white trousers as a more serviceable uniform for camping out. They were also saved the trying marches of the two previous years to and from the camp, the railway being extended to within four miles of it. The Volunteers were carried thither in a few hours. The short march to the camp was unbearably hot and dusty; but there were no casualties either by sun or fatigue. We learn with satisfaction that this colonial corps has markedly improved in efficiency as well as in strength. There has been an increase over the first year of nearly two hundred men in camp. New companies formed at Badulla, Matura, and Batticaloa, the first up-country, and the two latter on the seacoast. These brought up the total to nearly 800, excluding officers. The camp was inspected by the officer commanding troops in the island, who, after witnessing a sham fight, the artillery and infantry taking part in this, and a night attack, expressed himself to the Governor, Sir Arthur Havelock, as very pleased with the progress they have made. The Ceylon Volunteer Forces have been recently augmented by a corps of mounted infantry, composed chiefly of tea-planters from the central hill districts, men of whose intelligence, energy, and physique there is no question. A new battery of Volunteer artillery at Trincomalee will shortly be established. The colony has reason to be proud of the spirit which actuates the movement; and the Volunteers generally have to congratulate themselves on their excellent staff of officers and on the practical support of Government in Ceylon.



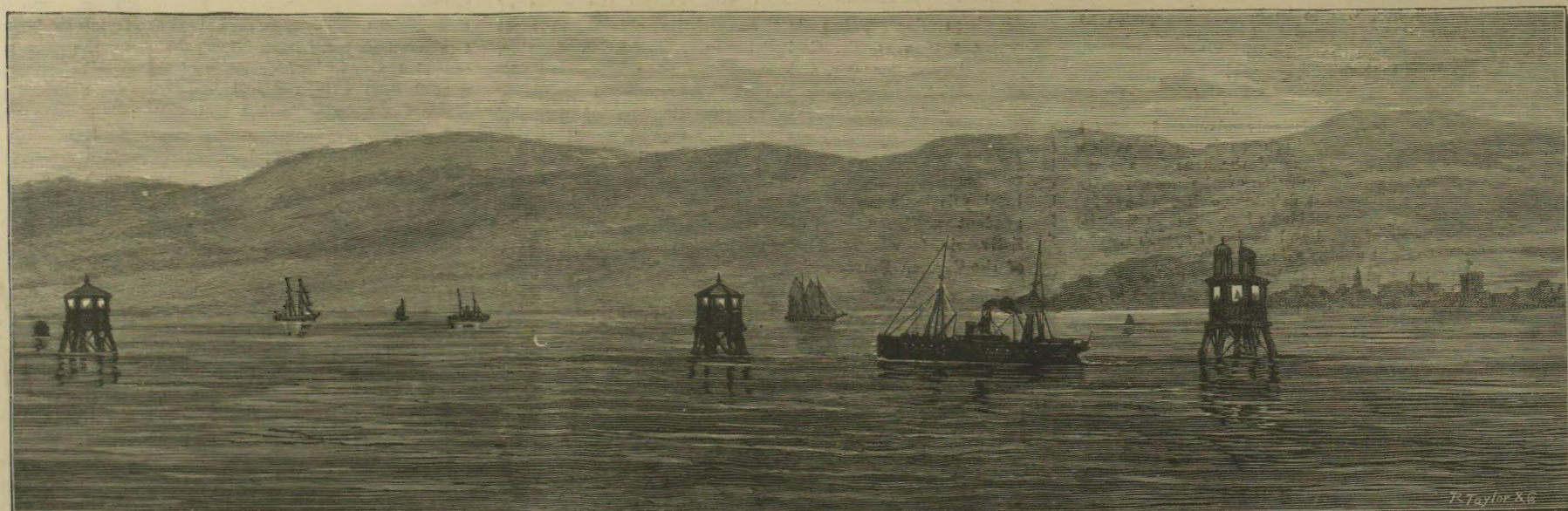
MENGO, THE CAPITAL OF UGANDA, WITH THE KING'S HOUSES.



KAMPALA, THE ENGLISH RESIDENCY, WITH PROTESTANT CHURCH.



"THE GATE," MOMBASA HARBOUR. BISHOP TUCKER LEAVING FRERETOWN FOR UGANDA.
SKETCHES OF UGANDA AND EAST AFRICA, BY MR. H. F. GORDON, OF THE CHURCH MISSIONARY SOCIETY.



No. 3 Lighthouse.

No. 2 Lighthouse, destroyed.

Steamer Medway out of her Course on South Side of new Channel.

No. 1 Lighthouse.

Carrickfergus, and Castle.

THE DESTRUCTION OF A LIGHTHOUSE IN BELFAST LOUGH.

"MA MIE ROSETTE," AT THE GLOBE THEATRE.

The exigencies of the Lord Chamberlain's department obviously make it impossible to place the majority of French comic operas upon the English stage without alteration. The question is how far the adaptors, literary and musical, need to go in their process of rendering Parisian successes congenial to our insular tastes? Need they disintegrate the entire substance and structure of another man's work, cut off a limb here and lop off a branch there, replace the missing bits out of their own material, before the *mélange* can be made fit to entertain a London audience? Our own belief is

with Vincent watching by her side. The girl is overjoyed to find on awaking that her terrible adventure has existed only in imagination. The King and his hunting party reappear, and Vincent having renounced a project of

notable piquancy into all that she does. It is pleasant to welcome once more the presence of that delightful actress Miss Jessie Bond, who plays with rare archness and spirit the part of a merry widow in search of her fourth husband. The object of her pursuit (supposed in the second act to be actually wedded to her) is the King's valet, and surely no better exponent of this character could have been found than Mr. Frank Wyatt. The clever duets and dances in which these two artists join afford more food for mirth than anything else in the piece. The Colonel Cognac of



KING HENRY
MR. EUGÈNE OUDIN.



CORISANDRE
MISS JENNIE McNULTY.

going to the wars, Henri gives the lovers his blessing, and all ends happily.

Supposing it to be possible to accept the idea of the dream, there need be no difficulty whatever in finding enjoyment in the pretty music and the charming spectacle with which "Ma Mie Rosette" is enriched. To the graceful pieces retained from M. Paul Lacome's score Mr. Ivan Caryll has added some effective ballads and ensembles, and between them the two composers have furnished at least half-a-dozen numbers that are likely to become popular. The choruses are tuneful, while the instrumentation rarely lacks either refinement or distinction. The performance is of exceptional merit. A strong cast is headed by Mr. Eugène Oudin, who, in his striking impersonation of Henri of Navarre, exhibits all the talent and polish of an artist who has won his spurs in a higher sphere. It is a pity, perhaps, that Mlle. Nesville's tiny voice will not permit her to second Mr. Oudin to better advantage in the melodious duet of the second act. On the other hand, she delineates with admirable skill the varied feelings that agitate the heart of poor little Rosette, and throws a

COGNAC
MR. L. D'ORSAY.



Mr. Lawrance D'Orsay is a tolerably amusing personage. Miss Jennie McNulty has only to look handsome and express jealous anger as Corisandre, and she does both things perfectly. She needs, though, together with certain other members of the company, to take a lesson or two in the art of pronouncing the word "Henri." The performance is ably conducted by Mr. Caryll, who has under his control an excellent orchestra and chorus.

that there is no need for so extensive and elaborate an operation. With regard to "Ma Mie Rosette," the new comic opera at the Globe, the application of the usual process does not seem to have done much harm. The libretto of MM. Prével and Liorat embodies an ingenious idea, and Mr. George Dance has turned it effectively to account. Henri of Navarre arrives one day, thirsty after hunting, at an inn in the neighbourhood of his Château de Nérac, and gladly accepts a cup of milk from the hands of Rosette, the innkeeper's daughter, in whom he recognises a playmate of his childhood. Struck by her beauty, he presses her to come to the château, and by his attentions arouses the jealousy of Vincent, the good-looking gardener to whom Rosette is to be married on the following day. A lover's quarrel ensues, and, after the curtain has fallen upon the exit of the King and his retinue, it rises again upon a tableau showing Rosette fallen asleep beside a sheaf of newly gathered corn.

This tableau affords the sole indication that the events of the succeeding act occur in a dream. The scene changes to the Château de Nérac. A ball has been arranged in honour of Rosette, and when she arrives Henri bids her change her humble attire for the gorgeous apparel of a lady of the Court, much to the disgust of Corisandre, the reigning favourite. In the midst of the fête Vincent appears, but is forthwith sent away again by his scheming master. Corisandre, however, takes care that he stays to witness the perfidious behaviour of Henri, who takes the earliest opportunity of making violent love to Rosette. Just at the moment when the silly damsel has thrown herself into the arms of her royal admirer Vincent emerges from his place of hiding and draws his sword upon the King. The inmates of the château crowd into the hall, and Vincent is arrested. This, of course, is the climax of the dream. The stage is thrown into complete darkness, and the scene rapidly changes to that of the first act, Rosette still lying asleep,



VINCENT.
MR. COURTICE POWERS.

ROSETTE, Mlle. Nesville.

MARTHA.
MISS JESSIE BOND.

BOUTON
MR. FRANK WYATT.

PERSONAL.

The commander of the small French military force in Dahomey, Colonel Dodds, has been promoted to the rank of brigadier-general since his recent achievement in the capture of Cana, the sacred suburb of Abomey, containing the great serpent-temple, the place of yearly human sacrifices, and the tombs of King Behanzin's ancestors. It may be presumed, from his name, that General Dodds, like several other French military commanders of wider renown, had Irish forefathers; but he is a native of the French West African colony of Senegal, where he has passed the greater part of his life. He served long in a battalion of marine infantry, rising in rank until, in 1890, he was in command of all the troops at St. Louis, and organised the Dahomey expedition of last year, at first conducted by Lieutenant-Colonel Terrillon. Skill and perseverance in the execution of his strategic plans, with an intimate knowledge of West African native character, as well as his taciturn self-reliance, which saves much trouble to the Ministry and Government offices in Paris, have gained for General Dodds his present success.



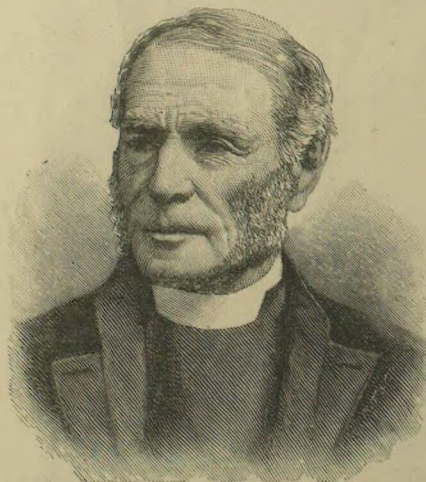
GENERAL DODDS.

General William Sankey, C.B., whose sudden death occurred at Biarritz at the end of last week, belonged to a family who have for some centuries been settled in Ireland, where they possess the estate of Bawnmore, in the county of Cork. General Sankey, two of whose sons are in the Army, and whose brother, Sir Richard Sankey, is a distinguished soldier, was engaged through the whole of the Crimean campaign, where he acted first as D.A.Q.M.G., and later as A.Q.M.G. He was present at the Bulganak affair, and at what Chambers's History describes as the "daring scramble" of Mackenzie's Farm (a blockhouse built by a Scotch admiral in the Russian service); he was mentioned in despatches for his conduct at the Alma, and was also at Balaklava and Sebastopol. His career was a distinguished one, and his death will be greatly regretted by a large circle of friends and acquaintances.

By the death of the venerable Mrs. Loveday, the mother of Mr. Henry Irving's experienced and popular stage manager, who died at her residence in Great Cornhill Street on Nov. 11, one of the few remaining exponents of Shaksperian parts associated with the glorious triumphs of Edmund Kean and Macready has passed away. Born in the last year of the last century, Mrs. Loveday made her debut on the London stage in the year of Waterloo, and but a short two years later she was fortunate enough to play that "sweet saint" Lady Anne to the Richard III. of Edmund Kean, one of the three most magnificent creations of that great tragedian. Three years later she was married to Mr. William Loveday, an excellent actor, who was also a member of Kean's company. As the star of Kean set, that of Macready was in the ascendant, and during the years that that accomplished actor—of whom, by-the-way, Kean somewhat ungenerously remarked, "He is no actor, Sir; he is a player!"—held the first place on the English stage Mrs. Loveday was associated with him in many a success, remaining, indeed, a member of the Macready company till his retirement from the stage in 1851.

General Henry Dyott Abbott, who has recently died in his seventy-seventh year, entered the Army fifty-six years ago, and saw much service in our Indian Empire. For four years, from 1849 to 1853, he was actively engaged against the Rohillas, and was severely wounded at Sailoor. In the terrible scenes of the Mutiny the late General bravely played his part. He was wounded during the prolonged siege of Jhansi, where, early in the Mutiny, every European, man, woman, and child, was treacherously murdered by order of the Ranees. At the battle of Morar he narrowly escaped, his horse being killed under him, and, in command of a detachment of Hyderabad Cavalry, he assisted in the pursuit of that native will-o'-the-wisp Tantia Toppe, who for so many months defied all the efforts of various commanders to effect his capture. General Abbott was frequently mentioned in despatches, and was made a C.B. for his services. He was placed on the supernumerary list in 1881, and three years ago attained the rank of general.

Never was happier choice made of a Dean than when Lord Salisbury invited Canon Marsham Argles to succeed Dr. Perowne as Dean of Peterborough. He has lived but two years to enjoy the honours so fitly bestowed upon him. A septuagenarian Dean, born so long ago as 1814, could not look for an extended term of office, nor did Dr. Argles expect it. But it was a great joy to him that his long connection with the diocese and the cathedral should have been crowned



THE LATE DEAN OF PETERBOROUGH.

by his accession to the Deanery. The late Dean, who was a postmaster of Merton, took his B.A. degree at Oxford in 1835, and entered holy orders two years later. Fifty years ago

he was appointed Chancellor of the Diocese of Peterborough, and forty-three years ago he began his long and intimate association with the cathedral. There it may be said of him, as of Wren in St. Paul's, *Si monumentum queris, circumspice*. Scarcely any part of the building but has been indebted to his munificence, and to him more than to any other man the restoration and beautifying of the cathedral are due. In all he has spent upon it some £8000—not a large sum in wealthy quarters, but a good deal from the purse of a country clergyman. His munificence was by no means confined to one object. He restored the old Norman church of Barnock, of which he was rector for forty years, and gave freely to all diocesan claims. He was last in the cathedral he loved so well on Oct. 15, when, at his own especial request, "Crossing the Bar" was sung. A week or two ago the Dean went to Southsea, where he died on Nov. 19, in his seventy-eighth year. He was married in 1839 to a daughter of the late Bishop Davys, to whom he was examining chaplain for many years. The remains of the Dean have been laid to rest in the cathedral burying-ground. Our portrait is from a photo by Messrs. Elliott and Fry, of Baker Street.

Lord Reay, who succeeds the late Duke of Roxburghe as Lord Lieutenant of Roxburghshire, is the eleventh holder of the ancient title granted to his ancestor Sir Donald Mackay in 1628, and is the head of that clan of Mackays of Strathnaver who played their part at the battle of Flodden Field, where their chieftain, Odo Mackay, was slain. His Lordship, who is fifty-three years of age, for some time held the post of Governor of the Bombay Presidency. His appointment to the Lord Lieutenancy of Roxburghshire by Mr. Gladstone is rather an unwelcome surprise in that county, for his only connection with the neighbourhood is through his marriage, in 1877, with the widow of Captain Alexander Mitchell, M.P., of Stow, and even this estate, where he has seldom resided, is situated, with the exception of a few acres, not in Roxburghshire, but in the adjoining county of Midlothian.

Crichel House, the Dorsetshire seat of Lord Alington, where the Prince of Wales has this week been a guest, is the ancient estate of the Napiers, one of whom, Sir Nathaniel Napier, was prominent in the wars between Charles I. and his Parliament. The old house was destroyed by fire in the middle of the last century, and on its ruins Sir William Napier erected the present two-storeyed handsome classic building, which was afterwards greatly enlarged by Mr. Humphrey Sturt, who in 1765 inherited the property of his maternal ancestors, the Napiers, on the death of his cousin, Sir Gerald Napier. Crichel is about seven miles from the quaint market town of Wimborne, with its fine old minster, and stands in a beautifully wooded park of some four hundred acres—a noticeable feature of which is a large lake that lies in front of the mansion. Crichel was at one time used as a residence by George IV. when Prince Regent.

A heavy blow has befallen the most picturesque of modern French personalities in the prosecution by the French Government of M. de Lesseps, among the other directors of the Panama Canal Company. M. de Lesseps is, perhaps, the greatest of living Frenchmen, and he possesses all the honour that attaches to the creator of the Suez Canal. But his mad venture at Panama, undertaken in opposition to the advice of some of the most experienced engineers, has cost the French people sixty millions sterling, and there can be little doubt that it was floated by wholesale bribery of public men and the Press. M. de Lesseps himself may have been misled by his own buoyant temperament, but the statements issued on his authority were gravely misleading. Personally he is a man of magnetic temperament and of flamboyant character, and his whole life has been a kind of commercial romance. His relationship with the Empress Eugénie, as well as his long diplomatic career in the East, gave him great opportunities of realising his dream of the Suez Canal; but the Panama project was undertaken under far graver and less favourable circumstances.

The Suez Canal was begun in 1859, and concluded in ten years. The engineering difficulties were not great, but they involved the death of hundreds of fellaheen, whom the Khedive Ismail, a strong and unswerving supporter of De Lesseps, practically engaged under a form of slave labour. The Empress Eugénie was present at the opening, and the ceremony marked practically the zenith of De Lesseps's career. He afterwards lived in great style in Paris and in the country, reared a very large family, and finally raised the greatest financial bubble that the century, and, indeed, France (with the exception of Law's Mississippi scheme), have ever known. Personally, he is a man of simple habits and of extremely attractive character.

The proprietor and directing editor of the *Pall Mall Gazette* has, it is said, been at length revealed in the person of Mr. Cust, M.P., one of the Conservative members for Lincolnshire. Mr. Cust is young, a distinguished Etonian, a clever, smart, and good-looking young man, who made a very considerable impression on the House of Commons last Session. The occasion was a speech on the land question apropos of Mr. Chaplin's Allotments Bill. Mr. Cust spoke with force, energy, and style, from a rather democratic point of view, and his elaborate speech was a most marked success, drawing praise from the Liberal as well as the Conservative ranks. Mr. Cust, however, has had no experience of journalism, and it will be interesting to see whether he develops into a successful newspaper man. He is said to be in some measure attached to the Tory-Democratic policy of Lord Randolph Churchill. It will be an interesting experiment.

The *St. James's Gazette* makes the, on the whole, welcome announcement that for the present no appointment to the Laureateship will be made, and that in fact the position will be "hung up" for a while. This is a sensible resolution on Mr. Gladstone's part, but we do not imagine that it implies that no nomination will ultimately be made. On the contrary, we believe that Mr. Gladstone has been carefully considering the claims of most living English poets, and that one or two have already been "ruled out." The Prime Minister is keenly interested in modern poetry, and he said the other day in private that he thought the surest sign of England's greatness was her wonderful poetic product. He has always been specially struck with her excellence in the matter of the sonnet in foreign form, which she has especially adapted and made immortal.

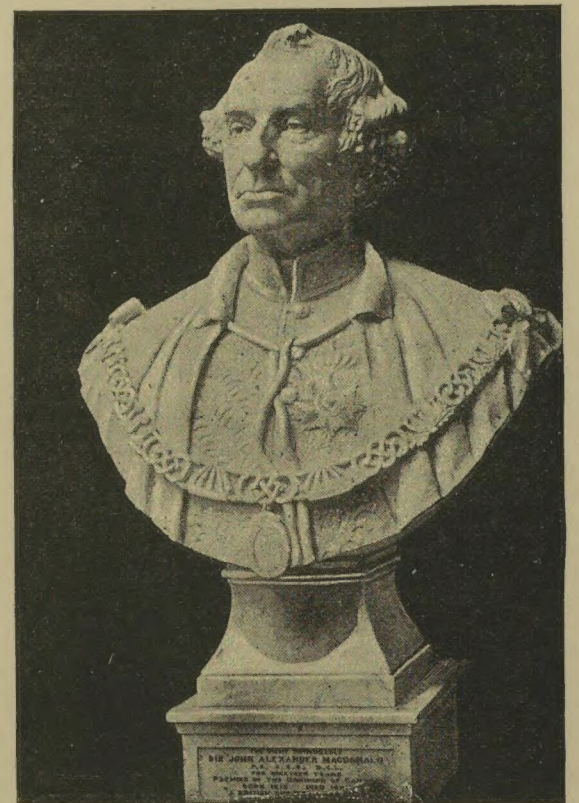
There is a good deal of speculation as to the personnel of the Royal Commission on the Poor Law which Mr. Fowler, the President of the Local Government Board, has decided to appoint. Mr. Charles Booth, who has added more to our knowledge of how the poor live than any of his contemporaries, ought certainly to be on it, and will probably be asked to serve. Mr. Chamberlain made a very good President of the Local Government Board—the best we have ever had—but the worst of it is that he is committed to a special plan of old-age insurance, which conflicts very materially with that of

Mr. Charles Booth, so that the two could hardly serve on the same body. Mr. Stansfeld, an old Poor-Law reformer, will very likely be asked to preside over the Commission, and Mr. Ritchie, Mr. Fowler's predecessor, is another probable member. The Commission, in all likelihood, will be confined to the question of old-age pauperism only, and will not go into the general question of Poor-Law Administration.

The Queen has commanded Sir Augustus Harris to give a performance of Bizet's opera "Carmen," in Italian, at Windsor Castle on the evening of Saturday, Dec. 3. Sir Augustus on Nov. 22 visited the castle to take notes of the stage accommodation and to make final arrangements with regard to the cast, which her Majesty has approved. It is as follows: Carmen, Mlle. de Lussan; Michaela, Miss Esther Palliser; Frasquita, Miss Agnes Jansen; Escamillo, M. Dufriche; Dancario, Signor Caracciolo; Remendado, Signor Rinaldini; Morales, Signor Corsi; Zuniga, Signor de Vascetti; Don José, Signor Cremonini. Première danseuse, Mlle. Riganti. Conductor, Signor Bevnigiani. The scenery will be painted expressly to fit the theatre, which will be constructed for the occasion in the Waterloo Chamber. The regular Covent Garden orchestra and chorus will take part in the performance, which in all respects will be made as perfect as it is possible to make it.

The following is Mr. Rudyard Kipling's picturesque description of Mr. Robert Louis Stevenson in an article in the *Times* of Nov. 23, entitled "Captains Courageous": "Now there sits a great spirit under the palm-trees of the Navigator Group, a thousand leagues to the south, and he, crowned with roses and laurels, strings together the pearls of those parts. When he has done with his kingdom down there perhaps he will turn to the Smoky Seas and the Wonderful Adventures of Captain —. Then there will be a tale to listen to."

Lord Rosebery spoke in very eloquent terms of Sir John Macdonald's services to the Empire in unveiling a memorial bust to the statesman in the crypt of St. Paul's. The memorial was initiated by the Imperial Federation League, and the bust represents Sir John in his Privy Councillor's dress, with the star and chain of a G.C.B. on his breast and round his neck. Lord Rosebery rather aptly described Sir John's central political ideas as being the belief that the British Empire was "the greatest secular agency for good known to the world." The Canadian statesman's official claim to remembrance

BUST OF THE LATE SIR JOHN MACDONALD
IN ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL.

is, of course, that, more than any other one man, he was responsible for the creation of a united Canada, and that, under the Constitution of 1867, he was made the first Premier of the Dominion. Since that period to the time of his death he, with one or two signal reverses, held his place as the first of contemporary Canadian statesmen. He was one of the High Commissioners who arranged the Alabama Treaty, and his eloquence, talent for diplomacy, dexterity, knowledge of the world, and charming manners always kept him at the head of Canadian and, indeed, of imperial statesmanship. He was popular in this country, and his ideas and character, as well as his personal appearance, ran on lines resembling not a little those of Lord Beaconsfield. As he probably saved Canada from being absorbed by the United States, he well deserves his memorial in the greatest of English cathedrals.

Mr. J. Satchell Hopkins has (says the *Times*) resigned the post of chairman of the Birmingham Conservative Association, which he has filled since 1889. He was identified with the party which advocated co-operation with the Liberal Unionists of Birmingham in opposition to the policy of the younger and more ardent Conservatives, who had revolted against what they considered Mr. Chamberlain's attempt at dictation. The interposition of the Marquis of Salisbury and Mr. Balfour at a critical moment gave the needful support to Mr. Hopkins, and averted the threatened split in the party.

Great consternation has seized upon the Wagnerian enthusiasts (says the *Daily News*) at the news that Herr Oesterlein's well-known collection of relics and souvenirs in Vienna, known as "The Richard Wagner Museum," is in imminent peril of being sold piecemeal and carried away to the United States. The general Wagner Society, being formed for the special object of promoting the Bayreuth Festivals, is not legally empowered to apply its funds to the purchase of a private undertaking, but it has passed a resolution declaring it desirable that the preservation of the museum in its present form should be instantly secured, and a committee has already been formed with that object. The London branch of the society has, moreover, decided to devote to this purpose the portion of this year's income which had been set aside for an autumn conversation. Only £4500, it appears, is needed to purchase the museum and preserve it as a whole.

HOME AND FOREIGN NEWS.

The Queen and the royal family and the members of the royal household attended Divine service in the private chapel of Windsor Castle on Sunday, Nov. 20. The Lord Bishop of Ripon officiated, assisted by the Very Rev. the Dean of Windsor. The Bishop of Ripon preached the sermon.

The Earl of Rosebery arrived at the Castle on Nov. 21 and had an audience with the Queen. He was afterwards privately invested by her Majesty with the Riband and Badge of the Order of the Garter, having previously received the honour of knighthood. Princesses Louise and Beatrice were present with the Queen.

The Prince of Wales, who has been shooting during the last ten days with Sir Edward Green at Ken Hill, the Duke of Fife at Castle Rising, and Sir Henry James at Shoreham Place, is now the guest of Lord and Lady Alington at More Criche, Dorsetshire.

The Princess of Wales is expected to visit the Queen at Windsor Castle about Dec. 12, and remain there until the anniversary of the death of the late Prince Consort and Princess Alice.

The Queen goes to Osborne on Friday, Dec. 16, according to present arrangements, and the Court will remain in the Isle of Wight for two months.

I announced some time ago (says *Truth*) that her Majesty contemplates paying another visit to Florence next spring, and that the Queen will probably reside again at the Villa Palmieri, near Fiesole, which the Dowager Lady Crawford has kindly placed at her Majesty's disposal, as she did five years ago. The Queen proposes to start for Florence a few days before Easter, on March 22 or 27. Her Majesty will be accompanied to Italy by Princess Beatrice and Prince Henry of Battenberg, and will be absent from England for about five weeks.

Cabinet Councils are understood to have decided to retain Uganda under the supervision of a British Commissioner. An agent of the Government has been despatched to Africa to ascertain the exact position of affairs, but it may be taken for granted that Ministers have yielded to the agitation carried on chiefly by the missionaries and other religious bodies. The Ministerial journals, which at first maintained that Uganda was useless and must be given up, have acknowledged that public opinion is against this step. It does not follow, however, that the Government will ask Parliament to vote two millions for the construction of the Mombasa railway. Such an undertaking will probably be left to private enterprise, although Lord Salisbury declares that the railway will put an end to the slave trade—an opinion which savours of optimism.

The Cabinet is busy with the legislation for next Session, and it is alleged that a measure dealing with the franchise will have the most important place next to Home Rule. This means that the Government will combine in one Bill the proposal popularly known as "one man one vote" and a reform of registration. With regard to registration, there is no acute difference of opinion, for the anomalies of the present system are admitted by all. But to the abolition of plural voting the Opposition may be expected to offer strenuous objection, based mainly on the proposition that the franchise ought not to be meddled with except in conjunction with a redistribution of seats.

The social question, which grows more and more urgent, affects the administration of the Poor Law, and it is announced that a Royal Commission will inquire into a subject which is already prolific of inquiries—and little else. It will be the main object of the Commission to collect evidence to form the basis of some scheme of old-age pensions. Mr. Arthur Acland and Mr. Charles Booth have examined the social economics of a number of English villages, and this useful research is likely to be greatly extended and elaborated. The question is beset with difficulties, not the least of which, as Mr. Charles Booth has pointed out, is the probability that the children of aged people will cease to contribute to the support of their parents when old-age pensions are granted. In many cases this may entail the unfortunate result that the aged and deserving will be no better off than before.

A conference presided over by the Archbishop of Canterbury was held at Lambeth Palace to consider this problem, and the clergy were urged to organise means of relief, though, as Lord Halsbury suggested, anything in the nature of a denominational charity runs the risk of alienating as much sympathy as it may attract. For the administration of actual relief, the best plan is that which will apply individual subscriptions to individual cases instead of merging them in a general fund, which to many people makes no articulate appeal. But the aim of social reformers is to find some method by which the Poor Law can be made to distinguish deserving poverty from organised mendicancy.

Meanwhile the unemployed in London continue to make demonstrations which are largely due to the officious zeal of "paid organisers." The gentry who deliver violent speeches on Tower Hill probably feel that they must make some show for their money. So there are terrific threats every morning of what the starving poor will do to the "loafers," under which designation the orators who bawl nonsense for a livelihood are good enough to include parsons and journalists. Everybody, in point of fact, who happens to be earning a living without making himself a nuisance is supposed to be a vulture feeding on the heart-strings of the spouters of Tower Hill. The silly violence of these men might bring discredit on genuine efforts to ameliorate the lot of the poor, if this were not generally felt to be a formidable and inevitable problem.

Mr. Labouchere has been telling a Radical club that the most inspiring task of the Liberal party is to "go for" the House of Lords. Undeterred by Lord Salisbury's reply to Mr. Frederic Harrison, Mr. Labouchere says the Government must create enough "stalwart" peers to carry Home Rule through the Lords, and then vote the abolition of that assembly. Not usually deficient in humour, Mr. Labouchere does not see that the idea of expecting some hundreds of new peers to decree the extinction of the hereditary Chamber belongs to the realm of comic opera and not to that of politics. It is the sort of suggestion Mr. Gilbert might naturally make for Sir Arthur Sullivan to set to music.

The attempt to unseat Mr. Balfour in East Manchester failed ignominiously, but Mr. Frank James, the Conservative member for Walsall, has lost his seat by one of those technicalities which are the joy of lawyers. The Corrupt Practices Act forbids a candidate or his agent to buy emblems and distribute them among the electors. This is supposed to be a form of corruption, though why a man who receives a piece of cardboard inscribed "Vote for James" should regard this as a lucrative bribe is a mystery. However, Mr. James employed his own son as his agent, and

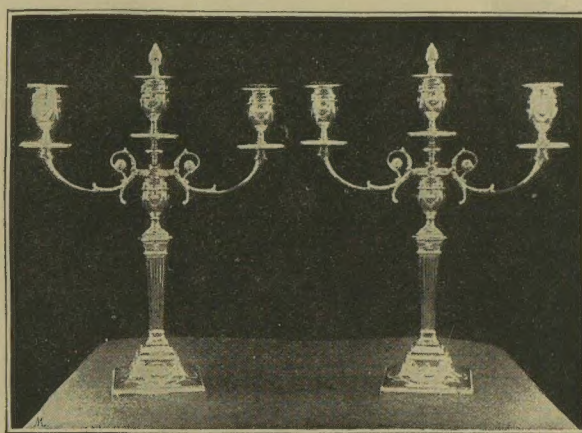
Mr. James, junior neglected to read the Act before entering upon his duties. This oversight caused the loss of the seat, and the Tories and Liberals of Walsall are thirsting for another fray, which cannot come off before the meeting of Parliament.

A curious correspondence between Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Goldwin Smith throws an agreeable light on the amenities of public life. Mr. Goldwin Smith controverted Mr. Gladstone's statistics about the numbers of the troops in Ireland at the time of the Union, and made some ironical remarks about "veracity." Mr. Gladstone, treating this as an impeachment of his "personal honour," repeats his statistics, and Mr. Goldwin Smith, while disclaiming any imputation on the Prime Minister's integrity, again denies them. The immediate point at issue is of no special importance, but the tone of the two letters is a welcome restoration of the courtesies of political conflict.

There has been a small panic in London about a circumstantial story of the reappearance of "Jack the Ripper." He was minutely described by a girl, who said one of his eyes was blue and the other brown, and that he tried to stab her with a long knife, whereupon she gave him a kick and ran away. The police do not attach any importance to this "yarn," which is like many others about the monster who worked such cruel havoc in Whitechapel a few years ago, but to whose identity nobody was ever able to swear. Not one of his victims lived to give the slightest clue, and people who say they saw him have made imagination do duty to meet the demand of curiosity.

That some parts of London are like the jungle that harbours wild beasts is proved once more by the trial of three men for the murder of a doctor in Southwark in broad daylight. The unfortunate man was drugged with drink, and then strangled in full view of some children whose evidence led to conviction. For some mysterious reason the offence was treated as manslaughter, and the wretches who deliberately killed a man for the sake of the loose change in his pockets have escaped the gallows.

The retiring Lady Mayoress, wife of Alderman Sir David Evans, K.C.M.G., is to be presented by the members of the Common Council representing the Ward of Castle Baynard with a memorial gift, testifying their sense of the graceful manner in which she has presided over festivities and hospitalities at the Mansion House. This gift consists of a



CANDELABRA PRESENTED TO LADY EVANS, WIFE OF THE LATE LORD MAYOR OF LONDON.

pair of silver candelabra, manufactured by Messrs. Mappin and Webb, of 18 to 22, Poultry, which are shown in our illustration.

The Rugby School "runs" have excited as much discussion as the Rugby football rules. Rugby football is the most violent form of that game, and the "runs" are paper-chases, which have caused the death of a boy from stoppage of the heart. A somewhat unreasonable cry has been raised about the supposed compulsion on boys to run whether they are physically fitted or not for such exercise. There is sufficient evidence that the wishes of parents are respected in this matter.

The French Ministry of M. Loubet, on Friday, Nov. 18, after three days' sharp debating in the Chamber of Deputies, obtained a large majority of votes, 329 to 228, for its Bill to repress incendiary Anarchist and Communist publications calculated to incite the labouring class to acts of violence and outrage; but an amendment was passed on Nov. 20, by 277 votes against 252, depriving Government of power to seize, before trial, the newspaper or other publication offending against the law. It is considered that the Prime Minister spoke with much force and good effect, but that M. Ricard, the Minister of Justice, made an insignificant figure in this debate, and that he will probably be called upon to retire, while the Bill, in its present shape, is not likely to be very effective.

This subject, however, is already thrown into the shade by the great financial, social, and political scandal of the Panama Canal Company, the impending criminal prosecution of its directors and contractors, including M. de Lesseps and M. Eiffel, and the debate in the Chamber, on Monday, Nov. 21, in which M. Delahaye fiercely uttered the most tremendous accusations of venality against former Ministers, Senators, Deputies, journalists, and other persons, to the number of a hundred and fifty or more, he said, who had taken large bribes of money to pass special laws authorising loans and lotteries for the Panama Canal scheme. There was a scene of wild excitement in the Chamber when these charges were brought forward; but M. Delahaye could not be got to state the details with precision, while both the President of the Chamber, M. Floquet, who was Prime Minister at the time referred to, and M. Loubet, the head of the present Ministry, denying all knowledge of such transactions, met the tumult with calm equanimity. The Ministers readily consented to appoint a special committee of inquiry, which was voted by 311 to 243, to examine the whole Panama Canal business with reference to alleged corruption of members of the Chamber.

News reached Paris from West Africa on Nov. 21 announcing that General Dodds had entered Abomey, the capital of Dahomey, without any more fighting. King Behanzin had fled, leaving his "golden throne," which General Dodds sent to Porto Novo. It is also said that Behanzin has capitulated, and submitted to all the conditions imposed by the French.

The German Emperor William II. opened the Imperial Diet at Berlin on Tuesday, Nov. 22, reading his speech from the throne. His Majesty said that the development of the military and naval power of other European States made it needful to

strengthen the German army by the more extensive training and enlisting of younger men. New sources of revenue would be opened by the proposals of the Imperial Budget. These taxation bills and the Army Bill will be laid before the Diet, as well as the Colonial Budget and the new commercial treaties.

The additional taxes proposed to be levied throughout the German Empire on beer and distilled spirits and on Stock Exchange dealings, for the augmentation of the German army, will yield, it is estimated, not above fifty-eight millions of marks yearly, while the proposed additional military expenditure is sixty-six millions a year. There is to be a loan of 149 millions for similar purposes.

The Prussian Finance Minister, Dr. Miquel, on Nov. 18, introduced his proposed new property tax for local government purposes in that kingdom, upon which there has been a prolonged debate. A Social Democratic Congress has been sitting several days at Berlin, and has resolved to have nothing to do with "State Socialism."

The new Hungarian Ministry formed by Dr. Wekerle entered office on Nov. 21, and announced that measures had been arranged, with the approval of the Crown, for settling the questions of the laws of marriage, with obligatory civil marriage, registration of births, the recognition of the Jewish religion, and judicial and administrative reforms.

The newly elected Belgian Chamber of Deputies, convened specially to consider the proposed changes in the Constitution, on Nov. 18 rejected, by a vote of eighty-nine to twenty-one, an amendment to the Address in favour of universal suffrage, which was moved by M. Janson. The International Monetary Conference, to which delegates are sent by seventeen Governments, European and American, assembled at Brussels on Nov. 22, mainly to discuss bimetalism and other currency questions.

The King and Queen of Portugal returned to Lisbon on Nov. 18, from their visit to the Queen-Regent and infant King of Spain at Madrid. A commercial treaty between those two kingdoms is to be negotiated.

The Swedish Parliament at Stockholm, on Nov. 21, passed the Government Bill for the reorganisation of the army, by which the strength of the infantry is largely increased.—X.

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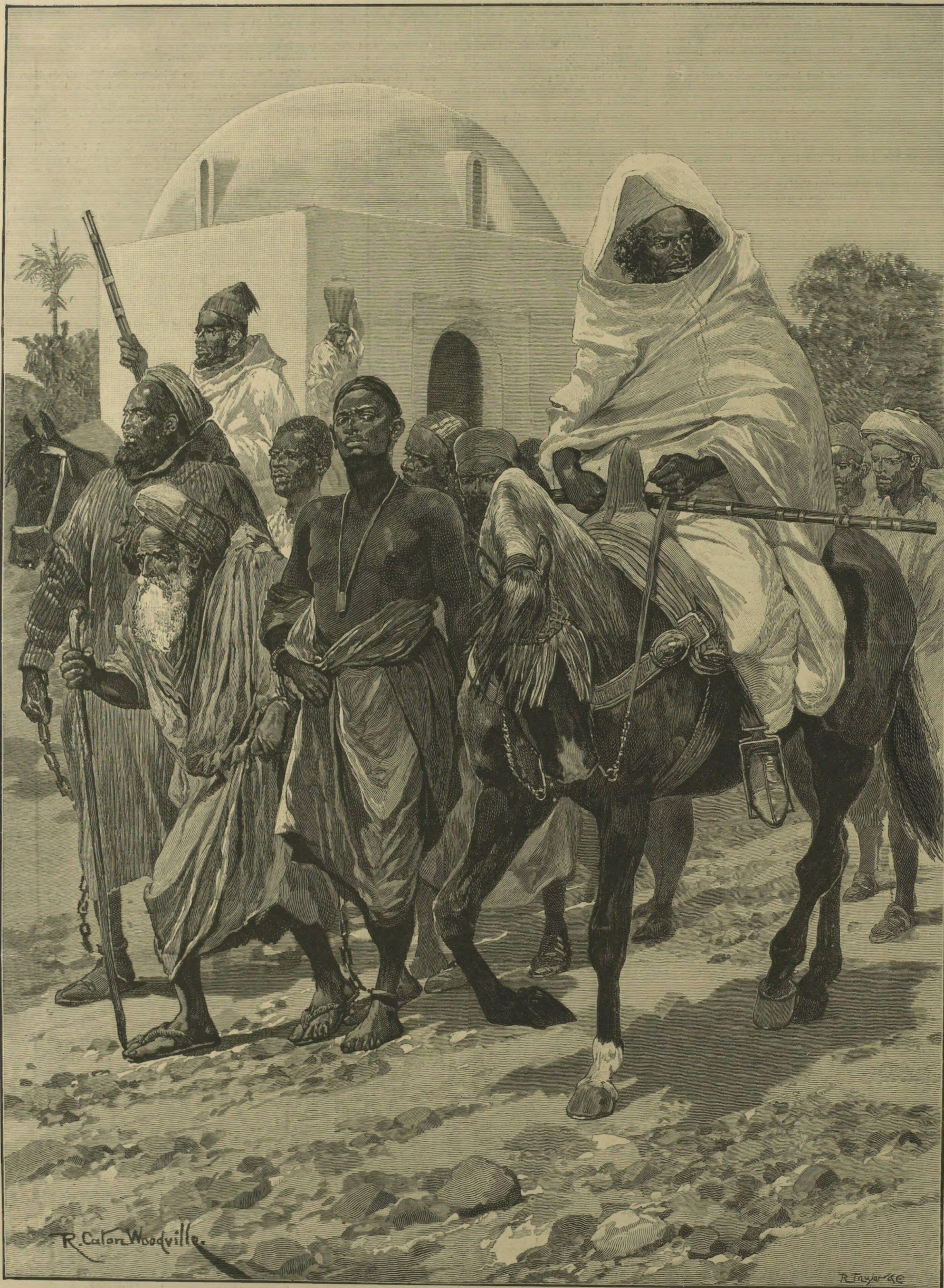
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TRANSPORT OF MOORISH PRISONERS IN MOROCCO.

THE PURSUIT OF THE WELL-BELOVED.

A SKETCH

OF

A

TEMPERAMENT.

BY THOMAS HARDY.

AUTHOR OF "FAR FROM THE MADDING CROWD,"

"TESS OF THE D'URBERVILLES," &c.

CHAPTER XXIV.

MISGIVINGS ON THIS UNEXPECTED RE-EMBODIMENT.

Jocelyn and the second Avic continued to gaze ardently at her.

"Ah! she is not coming in now; she hasn't time," said the mother, with some disappointment. "She means to run across in the evening."

The girl, in fact, went past and on till she was out of sight. Pearston stood as in a dream. It was the very girl, in all essential particulars, and without the absence of a single charm, who had kissed him forty years before. When he turned his head from the window his eyes fell again upon the old Avic at his side. Before but the relic of the Well-Beloved, she had now become its empty shrine. Warm friendship, indeed, he felt for her; but whatever that might have done towards the instauration of a former dream was now hopelessly barred by the rivalry of the thing itself in the guise of a lineal successor.

Pearston, who had been about to leave, sat down again on being timidly asked if he would stay and have a cup of tea. He hardly knew what he did for a moment; a dim thought that Avic—the renewed Avic—might come into the house after all made his reseating himself an act of spontaneity.

How he contrived to attenuate and disperse the subject he had opened up with the new Avic's mother, Pearston never exactly knew. Perhaps she saw more than he thought she saw—read something in his face—knew that about his nature which he gave her no credit for knowing. Anyhow, the conversation took the form of a friendly gossip from that minute, his remarks being often given while his mind was turned elsewhere.

It is hardly an exaggeration to say that a chill passed through Jocelyn when there had been time for reflection. The sedulous study of his art without any counterbalancing practical pursuit had nourished and developed his natural responsiveness to impressions; he now felt that his old trouble, his doom—his curse, indeed, he had sometimes called it—was come back again. Aphrodite was not yet propitiated for that original sin against her image in the person of Avic the First, and now, at the age of nine-and-fifty, he was urged on and on like the Jew Ahasuerus—or, in the phrase of the islanders themselves, like a blind ram.

The Goddess, an abstraction to the general, was a very real personage indeed to Pearston. He had watched the marble image of her which stood in his working-room under all changes of light and shade—in the brightening of morning, in the blackening of eve, in moonlight, in lamplight; every line and curve of her body none, naturally, knew better than he; and, though not quite a belief, it was a fancy, a superstition, that the three Avics were somehow interpenetrated with her essence.

"And the next Avic—your daughter," he said stumbly; "she is, you say, a governess at the castle opposite."

Mrs. Pearston reaffirmed the fact, adding that the girl often slept at home because she (the speaker) was so lonely. She often thought she would like to keep her daughter at home altogether.

"She plays that instrument, I suppose?" said Pearston, regarding the piano.

"Yes, she plays beautifully; she had the best instruction that masters could give her. She was educated at Sandbourne."

"Which room does she sleep in when at home?" he asked curiously.

"The little one over this."

It had been his own. "Strange," he murmured.

He finished tea, and sat after tea, but the youthful Avic did not arrive. With the Avic present he conversed as the old friend—no more. At last it grew dusk, and Pearston could not possibly find an excuse for staying longer.

"I hope to make the acquaintance—of your daughter," he said in leaving, knowing that he might have said with equal truth, "of my new tenderly beloved."

"I hope you will," she said simply. "This evening she evidently has gone for a walk instead of coming here."

He went out of the house, but felt in no mood just then to

get back to his lodgings in the town on the mainland. He lingered about upon the undulating ground for a long while, thinking of the extraordinary reproduction of the original girl in this new form he had seen, and of himself as of a foolish dreamer in being so suddenly fascinated by the renewed image in a personality not one-third his age. As a physical



Pearston stooped and examined the cause of discomfiture.

fact, no doubt, the preservation of the likeness was no uncommon thing here, but it helped the dream.

Passing round the walls of the new castle, he deviated from his homeward track by turning down the familiar little lane which led to the ruined castle of the Red King. It took him past the cottage in which the new Avice was born, from whose precincts he had heard her first infantine cry. Pausing, he saw in the west behind him the new moon growing distinct upon the glow.

He was subject to gigantic superstitions. In spite of himself, the sight of the new moon, his chosen tutelary goddess, as representing, by her so-called inconstancy, his own idea of a migratory Well-Beloved, made him start as if his sweetheart in the flesh had suddenly looked over the horizon at him. In a crowd secretly, or in solitude boldly, he ever bowed the knee three times to this divinity on her first appearance monthly, and directed a soft kiss towards her shining shape. He feared Aphrodite, but Selene he cherished. All this did he, a man of fifty-nine! Truly the curse (if it were not a blessing) was far from having spent itself yet.

In the other direction the castle ruins rose against the sea. He went on towards these, around which he had played as a boy, and stood by the walls at the edge of the cliff pondering. There was no wind and but little tide, and he thought he could hear from years ago a voice that he knew. It certainly was a voice, but it came from the rocks beneath the castle ruin.

"Mrs. Atway!"

A silence followed, and nobody came. The voice spoke again; "John Bencomb!"

Neither was this summons attended to. The cry continued, with more entreaty: "William Scribbsen!"

The voice was that of a Pearston—there could be no doubt of it—Avice's, probably. Something or other seemed to be detaining her down there, against her will. A sloping path beneath the bestling cliff and the castle walls rising sheer from its summit led down to the lower level whence the voice proceeded. Pearston followed the pathway, and soon beheld a girl in light clothing—the same he had seen through the window—standing upon one of the rocks, apparently unable to move. Pearston hastened across to her.

"O, thank you for coming!" she murmured with some timidity. "I have met with an awkward mishap. I live near here, and am not frightened really. My foot has become jammed in a crevice of the rock, and I cannot get it out, try how I will. What shall I do!"

Pearston stooped and examined the cause of discomfiture. "I think if you can take your boot off," he said, "your foot might slip out, leaving the boot behind."

She tried to act upon this advice, but could not do so effectually. Pearston then experimented by slipping his hand into the crevice till he could just reach the buttons of her boot, which, however, he could not unfasten any more than she. Taking his penknife from his pocket, he tried again, and cut off the buttons one by one. The boot unfastened, and out slipped the foot.

"O, how glad I am!" she cried joyfully. "I was fearing I should have to stay here all night. How can I thank you enough?"

Pearston was tugging to withdraw the boot, but no force that he could exercise would move it. At last she said: "Don't try any longer. It is not far to the house. I can walk in my stocking."

"I'll assist you in," he said gallantly.

She said she did not want help, nevertheless allowed him to help her on the unshod side. As they moved on she explained that she had come out through the garden door, had been standing on the boulders to look at something out at sea just discernible in the evening light as assisted by the moon, and, in jumping down, had wedged her foot as he had found it.

Whatever Pearston's years might have made him look by day, in the dusk of evening he was fairly presentable as a pleasing man of no marked antiquity, his outline differing but little from what it had been when he was half his years. He was well preserved, still upright, trimly shaven, agile in movement; wore a tightly buttoned suit which set off a naturally slight figure; in brief, he might have been of any age as he appeared to her at this moment. She talked to him with the co-equality of one who assumed him to be not far ahead of her own generation; and, as the growing darkness obscured him more and more, he adopted her assumption of his age with increasing boldness of tone.

The flippancy, harmless freedom of the watering-place Miss, which Avice had plainly acquired during her sojourn at the Sandbourne school, helped Pearston considerably in this rôle of *jeune premier*, which he was only too ready to play at any time. Not a word did he say about being a native of the island; still more carefully did he conceal the fact of his having courted her grandmother, and engaged himself to marry that attractive lady.

He found that she had come out upon the rocks through the same little private door from the lawn of the modern castle which had frequently afforded him egress to the same spot in years long past. Pearston accompanied her across the grounds almost to the entrance of the mansion—the place being now far better kept and planted than when he had rented it as a lonely tenant; almost, indeed, restored to the order and neatness which had characterised it when he was a boy.

She was too inexperienced to be reserved, and during this little climb, leaning upon his arm, there was time for a great deal of confidence. When he had bidden her farewell, and she had entered, leaving him in the dark, a rush of sadness through Pearston's soul swept down all the temporary pleasure he had found in the charming girl's company. Had Mephistopheles sprung from the ground there and then with an offer to Jocelyn of restoration to youth on the usual terms of his firm, the sculptor certainly might have consented to sell that part of himself of which he felt less immediate need than of a ruddy lip and cheek and an unmarked brow.

But what could only have been treated as a folly by outsiders was almost a sorrow for him. Why was he born with

such a temperament? And this concatenated interest could hardly have arisen, even with Pearston, but for a conflux of circumstances only possible here. The three Avices, the second much like the first, the third actually a double of the first, were the outcome of the immemorial island customs of intermarriage and of prenuptial union, under which conditions the type of feature was almost uniform from parent to child through generations; so that, till quite latterly, to have seen one native man and woman was to have seen the whole population of that isolated rock, so nearly cut off from the mainland. His own predisposition and the consciousness of his early faithlessness did all the rest.

He turned gloomily away, and let himself out of the precincts. Before walking along the couple of miles of road which would conduct him to the little station at Slopeway Well, he redescended to the rocks whereon he had found her, and searched about for the fissure which had made a prisoner of this belated edition of the Well-Beloved. Kneeling down beside the spot, he inserted his hand, and ultimately, by much wriggling, withdrew the little boot. He examined it thoughtfully—by touch rather than by sight—put it in his pocket, and followed the stony route to Slopeway Well.

CHAPTER XXV.

THE RENEWED IMAGE BURNS ITSELF IN.

There was nothing to hinder Pearston in calling upon the new Avice's mother as often as he should choose, beyond the five miles of intervening railway, and two additional miles of clambering over the heights of the island. Two days later, therefore, Pearston repeated his journey and knocked about tea-time at the widow's door.

As he had expected, the daughter was not at home. He sat down beside the old sweetheart who, having eclipsed her mother in past days, had now eclipsed herself in her child. Jocelyn produced the girl's boot from his pocket.

"Then, 'tis you who helped Avice out of her predicament?" said Mrs. Pearston, with surprise.

"Yes, my dear friend; and perhaps I shall ask you to help me out of mine before I have done. But never mind that now. What did she tell you about the adventure?"

Mrs. Pearston was looking thoughtfully upon him. "Well, 'tis rather strange it should have been you, Sir," she replied slowly. "She seemed to be a good deal interested. I thought it might have been a younger man—a much younger man."

"It might have been, as far as feelings were concerned. . . . Now, Avice, I'll tell you the point at once. Virtually I have known your daughter any number of years. When I talk to her I can anticipate every turn of her thought, every sentiment, every act, so long did I study those things in your mother and in you. Therefore I do not require to learn her: she was learnt by me in her previous existences. Now, don't be shocked: I am willing to marry her—I should be overjoyed to do it if there would be nothing preposterous about it, or that would seem like a man making himself too much of a fool, and so degrading her in consenting. I can make her comparatively rich, as you know, and I would indulge her every whim. There is the idea, bluntly put. It would set right something in my mind that has been wrong for forty years. After my death she would have plenty of freedom and plenty of means to enjoy it."

Mrs. Isaac Pearston seemed only a little surprised; certainly not shocked.

"Well, if I didn't think you might be a bit taken with her!" she murmured archly. "Knowing your sort of mind, from my little affair with 'ee years ago, nothing you could do in this way would astonish me."

"But you don't think badly of me for it?"

"Not at all; but, of course, it would depend upon what she felt. . . . I would rather have her marry a younger man."

"And suppose a satisfactory younger man should not appear?"

Mrs. Pearston showed in her face that she fully recognised the difference between a bird in hand and a better bird in the bush. She looked him curiously up and down.

"I know you would make anybody a very nice husband," she said presently. "I know that you would be nicer than many men half your age; and, though there is a great deal of difference between you and her, there have been more unequal marriages, that's true. Speaking as her mother, I can say that I shouldn't object to you, Sir, for her, provided she liked you. That is where the difficulty would lie."

"I wish you would help me to get over that difficulty," he said gently. "Remember, I brought back a truant husband to you twenty years ago."

"Yes, you did," she assented; "and, though I may say no great things as to happiness came of it, I've always seen that your intentions towards me were none the less noble on that account. I would do for you what I would do for no other man, and there is one reason in particular which would incline me to help you with Avice—that I should feel: 'Absolutely certain I was helping her to a kind husband.'"

"Well, that would remain to be seen. I would, at any rate, try to be worthy of your opinion. Come, Avice, for old times' sake, you must help me. You never felt anything but friendship in those days, you know, and that makes it easy and proper for you to do me a good turn now."

After a little more conversation his old friend was won to promise that she really would do everything that lay in her power. And, as if to show her good faith in this promise, she asked him to wait till later in the evening, when Avice might possibly run across to see her.

Pearston, who fancied he had won the younger Avice's interest, at least, by the part he had played upon the rocks the week before, had a dread of encountering her in full light till he should have advanced a little further in her regard. He accordingly was perplexed at this proposal, and, seeing his hesitation, Mrs. Pearston suggested that they should walk together in the direction whence Avice would come, if she came at all.

He welcomed this idea, and in a few minutes they started,

strolling along under the now strong moonlight, and when they reached the gates of Dell-i'-th'-rock Castle, turning back again towards the house. After two or three such walks up and down, the gate of the castle grounds clicked, and a form came forth which proved to be Avice the younger.

As soon as they met the girl recognised in her mother's companion the gentleman who had helped her on the shore, and she seemed really glad to find that her chivalrous assistant was claimed by her parent as an old friend. She remembered hearing something about this worthy London man of talent and position, whose ancestry were people of her own isle, and possibly, from the name, of a common stock with her own.

"And you have actually lived in the castle yourself, Mr. Pearston?" asked Avice the daughter, presently, with her innocent young voice. "Was it long ago?"

"Yes, it was some time ago," replied the sculptor, with a sinking at his heart lest she should say how long.

"It must have been when I was away—or when I was very little?"

"I don't think you were away."

"But I don't think I could have been here?"

"No, perhaps you couldn't have been here."

"I think she was here, but too small to remember," said Avice's mother.

They talked in this general way till they reached Mrs. Pearston's house; but Jocelyn resisted both the widow's invitation and the desire of his own heart, and went away without entering. To risk, by visibly confronting her, the advantage that he had already gained, or fancied he had gained, with the re-incarnate Avice required more courage than he could claim in his present mood.

Such evening promenades as these were frequent during the waxing of that summer moon. On one occasion, as they were all good walkers, it was arranged that they should meet halfway between the island and the town in which Pearston had lodgings. It was impossible that by this time the pretty young governess should not have guessed the ultimate reason of these rambles to be a matrimonial intention; but she inclined to the belief that the widow rather than herself was the object of Pearston's regard; though why this educated and apparently wealthy man should be attracted by her mother—whose homeliness was apparent enough to the girl's more modern training—she could not comprehend.

They met accordingly in the middle of the Pebble Bank, Pearston coming from the mainland, and the women from the peninsular rock. Crossing the wooden bridge which connected the bank with the shore proper, they moved in the direction of Henry the Eighth's Castle, on the verge of the sand cliff. Like the Red King's Castle on the island, the interior was open to the sky, and when they entered and the full moon streamed down upon them over the edge of the enclosing masonry the whole present reality faded from Jocelyn's mind under the press of memories. Neither of his companions guessed what Pearston, that ancient youth, was thinking of. It was in this very spot that he was to have met the grandmother of the girl at his side, and in which he would have met her had she chosen to keep the appointment. The consequence of that meeting would have been the old-fashioned betrothal or island custom—discontinued in these days—from which he could not have receded. It might—nay, it must—have changed the whole current of his life.

Instead of that, forty years had passed—forty years of severance from Avice, till a secondly renewed copy of his sweetheart had arisen to fill her place. But he, alas, was not renewed. And of all this the pretty young face at his side, idealised by the moon's rays, knew nothing.

Taking advantage of the younger woman's retreat to view the sea through an opening of the walls, Pearston appealed to her mother in a whisper: "Have you ever given her a hint of what my meaning is? No? Then I think you might, if you really have no objection."

Mrs. Pearston, as the widow, was far from being so coldly disposed in her own person towards her friend as in the days when he wanted to marry her. Had she now been the object of his pursuit, he would not have needed to ask her twice. But like a good mother she stifled all this, and said she would sound Avice there and then.

"Avice, my dear," she said, when the girl returned from the window-gap, "what do you think of Mr. Pearston paying his addresses to you—coming courting, as I call it in my old-fashioned way. Supposing he were to, would you encourage him?"

"To me, mother?" said Avice, with an inquiring laugh. "I thought—he meant you!"

"O, no, he doesn't mean me," said her mother, hastily. "He is nothing more than my friend."

"I don't want any addresses," said the daughter.

"He is a man in society, and would take you to an elegant house in London suited to your education, instead of leaving you to mope here."

"I should like that well enough," replied Avice, carelessly.

"Then give him some encouragement."

"I don't care enough about him to do any encouraging. It is his business, I should think, to do all."

She spoke in her lightest vein; but the result was that when Pearston, who had discreetly withdrawn, returned to them, she walked docilely, though perhaps gloomily, beside him, her mother dropping to the rear. They came to a rugged descent, and Pearston took her hand to help her. She allowed him to retain it when they arrived on level ground.

Altogether it was not an unsuccessful evening for the man with the unanchored heart, though possibly initial success meant worse for him in the long run than initial failure. There was nothing marvellous in the fact of her tractability thus far. In his modern dress and style, under the rays of the moon, he looked a very presentable gentleman indeed, while his knowledge of art and his travelled manners were not without their attractions for a girl who with one hand touched the educated middle-class and with the other the rude and simple inhabitants of the isle. Her intensely modern sympathies were quickened by her peculiar outlook.

Pearston was almost ashamed of the brightness of his ardour for her. He would have been quite ashamed if there had not existed a redeeming quality in the substratum of old pathetic memory by which such love had been created—which still permeated it, rendering it the tenderest, most anxious, most protective instinct he had ever known. It may have had in its composition too much of the old boyish fervour that had characterised such affection when he was cherry-checked and slender in the waist as a girl; it was all this feeling of youth; and more.

He was not exactly old, he said to himself the next morning as he regarded his face in the glass. And he looked considerably younger than he was. But there was history in his face—distinct chapters of it; his brow was not that blank page it once had been. He knew the origin of that line in his forehead; it had been ploughed in the course of a month or two by a crisis in his matrimonial trouble. He remembered the coming of this pale wiry hair; it had been brought by the illness in Rome, when he had wished each night that he might never wake again. This wrinkled corner, that drawn bit of skin, they had resulted from those months of despondency when all seemed going against his art, his strength, his love.

LITERARY GOSSIP.

The collection of Sir Walter Scott's letters which Mr. David Douglas is editing, and which he will publish shortly, will prove to be more important than some announcements might lead one to expect. The letters which Mr. Douglas is printing have never seen the light before, and any old material used will be merely in illustration of the new.

A recent catalogue of Mr. Davey offers a letter of Edgar Allan Poe, which gives an interesting glimpse of the literary methods of that erratic genius. It was written on Jan. 4, 1845, to Mr. Bush, the Orientalist and Swedenborgian preacher, whose curious book "Anastasis" had, a few years before, caused much sensation by its application of mesmeric phenomena to the doctrine of a future state. Poe sends his article called "Mesmeric Revelation," published in the previous July in the *Columbian*, and, as he says, just then reproduced in the *Dollar Weekly*. He begs Mr. Bush to be good enough to read the article. "You will of course understand" (he adds) "that the article is purely a fiction, but I have embodied in it some thoughts which are

Here, too, is a little letter of Browning to Macready. It is dated "1842," and begins thus: "The luck of the third adventure is proverbial. I have written a spick-and-span new tragedy (a sort of compromise between my notion and yours—as I understood it, at least), and I will read it to you, if you care to be bothered so far. It has action in it, drabbing, stabbing, *et autres gentillesces*." If we count in "Pippa Passes," the new tragedy must have been "King Victor and King Charles"; if not, then "The Return of the Druses"—the latter most probably. It could not be "A Blot on the 'Scutcheon,'" for that was written to Macready's order. There is something not a little pathetic in this glimpse of the confidence which, at that period—just half a century ago—possessed Browning, that his true vocation was to write for the stage. In the following year this confidence was enhanced by the peculiar circumstances which masked the real meaning of the failure of "A Blot on the 'Scutcheon'"; and though in old age Browning accepted his fate philosophically, nothing stirred him so promptly or so deeply as a chance discussion of the "might have beens" of his early plays.

A letter of Bruce, the traveller, to Sir Joseph Banks casts a lurid light on the London literary world of a hundred years ago. He complains that the reviewers have been unjust to his book—a complaint occasionally heard from authors even in these latter days. But his way of accounting for the mal-



"Have you ever given her a hint of what my meaning is?"

"You cannot live your life and keep it, Jocelyn," he said. Time was against him and love, and time would probably win.

"When I went away from the first Avicé," he continued with whimsical misery, "I had a presentiment that I should ache for it some day. And I am aching—have ached ever since this jade of a Well-Beloved learnt the unconscionable trick of inhabiting one image only."

(To be continued.)

The chief magistrate at the Bow-Street Police-Court, Sir John Bridge, on Nov. 16, decided for the committal of Jean Pierre François, the alleged accomplice of the Anarchist dynamiter Ravachol, to be sent, under the Extradition Treaty, to be tried in a French Court as accessory to the murders at the Café Véry, Boulevard de Magenta, in Paris.

The Manchester City Council has resolved to ask Parliament for powers to raise £2,000,000 for the completion of the Manchester Ship Canal, and it is proposed that the Salford Town Council should contribute one million. A number of seats on the Board of the Canal Company would be allotted to these Corporations.

The Welsh University College at Aberystwith has been provided, by the gift of Welshmen in the United States of America, with a library, which was opened on Nov. 15 by Mr. A. H. Dyke Acland, M.P., Vice-President of the Committee of Council on Education. He stated that the foundation of a University for Wales is under the consideration of Government, and Mr. Owen M. Edwards is preparing a report on the subject.

original with myself, and I am exceedingly anxious to learn if they have claim to absolute originality, and also how far they will strike you as well based."

We hear so much of the jealousies of authors, especially of authors who have hit on the same subject or class of subjects, that it is pleasant to come upon something which serves as a corrective. In the same catalogue occurs a letter of Dr. Arnold, written from Rugby in 1833 to a friend, thanking him for having introduced him to the elegant scholar who happily is still with us as the venerable Dean of Ely. In 1838 each had planned his "History of Rome," and on hearing of Dr. Arnold's scheme the younger man had evidently hesitated as to whether he should proceed with his own. Dr. Arnold's reply sounds a clear note, applicable to all such cases. He intends, if circumstances permit, to carry down his history to Charlemagne; "but the uncertainties of life and my own slow progress make me very unwilling to hinder any other man from doing what, after all, I may never be able to do myself. And as I should go on with my own plan, if I lived, indifferently of any other history which might be published, so I think your friend should carry out his own ideas, without any regard to my future work—there will be something original in each of our books, if either is good for anything." In the words of Arnold's son, the history as planned was "too great for haste, too high for rivalry"; and a pathetic colour is given to the commonplace, "the uncertainties of life," when one remembers that after little more than four years had passed Dr. Arnold, "languor not in his heart, weakness not in his word, weariness not on his brow," was called on to lay down his pen, leaving the history but a noble fragment.

treatment has more freshness. One reason assigned (and, in this case, Sir Joseph seems to have agreed, if he did not suggest) is that he had "invaded the booksellers' [read publishers'] mysteries and printed his own work." Bruce may be the more readily believed if we remember that the "reviews" of his day were the property of "booksellers" and were kept for the purpose of pulling their own publications—like those in which each was individually interested and those produced by the close corporation called "the trade." "I am, besides, a Scotsman, and for some years was not reputed a true man," and then he goes on to inform Banks how he had been assailed by two distinct varieties of blackmailers—one who threatened a "cruel review" unless he was bought off, and another who proposed to him, "for value," the opportunity of reviewing his own work!

When Thomas Mozeley told the world that Keble, at a particular date, had "given up all hope of promotion," and that he "very soon lost his temper in discussion," the world—even the world which knew very little of the personality of the author of "The Christian Year"—was surprised and shocked. It had not thought of Keble as one whose mind had ever been set on "promotion," and had believed him to possess a temper as uniformly unruffled as is possible to humanity. It is pleasant, therefore, to come upon two letters—one from the pen of Canon Liddon, the other from that of Dr. Pusey—each of which restores to us the cherished picture of the saintly Keble unblemished by the smudges thoughtlessly cast on it by one who was incapable of understanding him. Dr. Pusey adds that Mozeley was equally incapable of appreciating Newman, an opinion which, considering how much Mozeley wrote on his brother-in-law, is worth keeping in mind. K.

THE CRISIS IN THE COTTON INDUSTRY.

Our Special Artist, Mr. Julius M. Price, who has in the past week visited several towns in the cotton-spinning and manufacturing district of South Lancashire, to make sketches and gather direct information concerning the interruption of their



staple industry by the dispute between the mill-owners and the hands in their employment, has furnished a report of his interviews with several persons competent to explain the state of affairs.

The following statements were made by one of the mill-owners visited in Manchester: "You must bear in mind that this is not a 'strike,' but a 'lock-out.' A strike is when the hands refuse to work unless their pay is increased, and a lock-out is absolutely the reverse—for then it is the employers who refuse to continue to work unless their workpeople will agree to accept a lower wage. In this instance, there is a difference of opinion between the mill-owners and their employes as to the most effectual solution of a difficulty which for years past has gradually been threatening the cotton-spinning industry, a difficulty which was bound to be settled one way or another sooner or later. The present state of affairs is this, and herein lies the difficulty: we say to the men, 'In time of prosperity we advanced your wages, and now that things are not flourishing we ask you to help us to tide over the bad times and to accept a five per cent. reduction off your wages.' To this they reply: 'No; this, in our opinion, is no remedy for bad trade; do you work your mill short time—that is, three or four days per week only, instead of six days, and thus check the rate of production; we will consent to this instead of a reduction of wages, and when things improve the full time can be resumed.' This, of course, sounds feasible enough from their standpoint; but for us it is quite impracticable, for, as you will understand, the interests of the various spinners are very different; some working for the home markets, others for shipping, &c. As

a matter of fact, to build, equip, and run an Oldham mill of, say, 80,000 spindles, would require at least £10,000, and a percentage, say five per cent., must be allowed thereon to pay for depreciation on machinery, buildings, &c., besides interest on the capital named. Middling American cotton six-yarn, at 2½d. per pound, has to be secured throughout the year for spinning the standard count of 32's (twist). You will

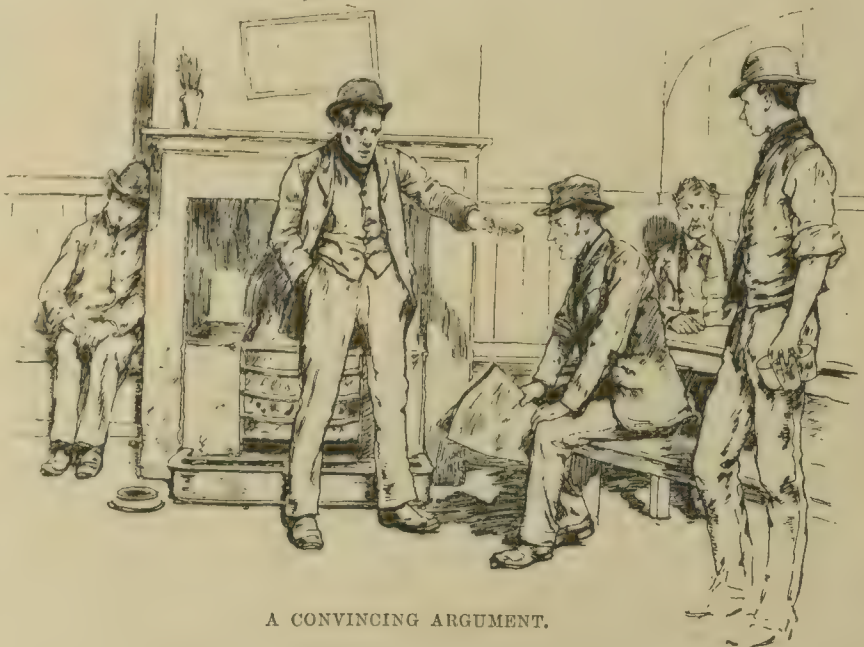
observe that cotton yarn, if wound into hanks, contains 840 yards in each hank; the 'count' means the number of these hanks to a pound weight of yarn. For example, if American middling cotton cost 4½d., 7d. would be required for 32's Oldham twist. Now, if this margin is reduced, say, to 2d. per pound, the whole of the interest on the capital and a great deal of the depreciation on the buildings and plant will be swept away. The workpeople are paid extremely well, considering that they are constantly employed. The operative spinner, who has simply to tend a pair of

self-acting machines, or 'mules,' as they are called, so perfectly made as to be almost automatic, receives an average wage of £2 5s. per week. He is assisted by a 'piecer,' usually quite a young man, who receives about 18s. per week; and by

If these people are provident they can manage to live well on those wages. You will find that many of the older hands have good houses of their own, and, in some cases, have pianos and other luxuries in them. Moreover, by a system of mutual

benefit clubs, they are generally insured against temporary loss of employment through accident or illness."

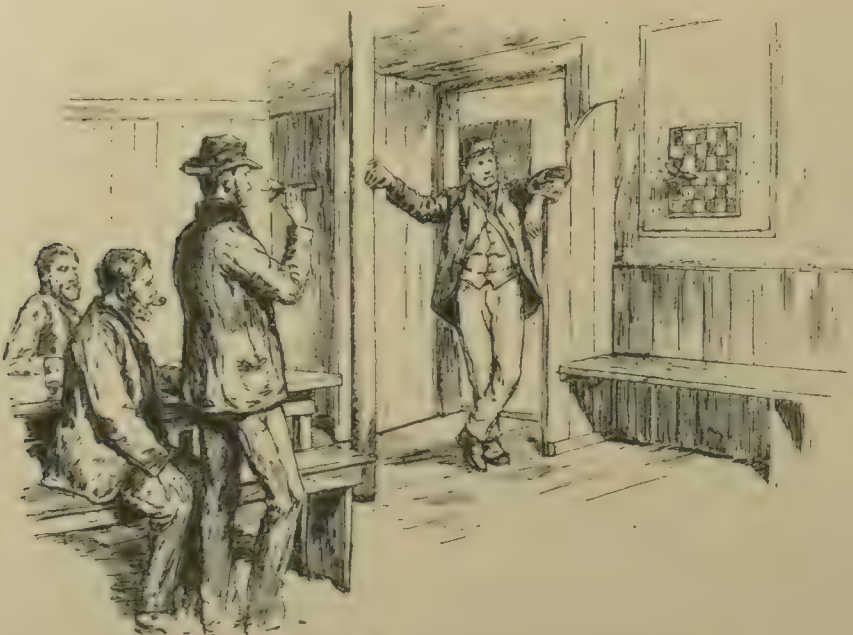
Our Artist visited Stalybridge, and found that place very quiet. A few groups of men and women were lounging listlessly about, looking as though they would be glad to get back to work again, if only to be occupied. Several large mills were still working. He went on to Oldham, and made his way to the offices of the Operative Cotton-Spinners' Association, where he saw Mr. Mellor, the president of the association, and the secretary, Mr. Ashton. With them he had some conversation; they told him of the funds at the disposal of the association. The highest



A CONVINCING ARGUMENT.



THE COMMENCEMENT OF THE LOCK-OUT.



A QUIET GAME OF LANCASHIRE FLÉCHETTE.

a 'scavenger,' a lad of about fourteen to eighteen years of age, who receives about 11s.: 'strippers' and other hands get an average of 25s.; frame-room tenders, who are women, 18s. to 20s. per week.

class of spinners, who when at work often receive as much as £2 5s. per week, during the lock-out receive 12s. per week from the association; other workpeople, according to their position, 6s. and downwards. At Oldham everything was as quiet as at Ashton and Stalybridge. The Oldham operatives, as a class, are very provident. The "savings clubs" which exist here are unique of their kind.



THE ONLY TWO PICTURESQUE HOUSES IN STALYBRIDGE.



"AGATHE."—BY A. BERTZIK.

From the Photographic Union, Munich.

MR. LANG IN FAIRYLAND.

The Green Fairy Book. Edited by Andrew Lang, with numerous illustrations by H. J. Ford. (Longmans.)—A few fortunate people see the fairies all their lives—a gift indeed worth asking for. But they are very few. One of these—a poet who has recently given us some beautiful fairy poetry—wrote to me the other day a circumstantial account of his

“because that kind of monster is no longer going about the world, whatever he may have done long, long ago. He has been turned into stone, and you may see his remains in museums.” Does Mr. Lang expect his young readers to believe him? Why, half the fun of a fairy tale to any sensible boy or girl is to believe not only in the absolute existence of dragons and magicians, but that there is always



“This is Princess Hyacinthia!”
FROM “KING KOTATA.”

having seen them dancing and singing at the foot of a green hill in Ireland. He apparently meant his story quite literally, for he made mention of a certain “hard-headed” companion as witness. How invaluable is that hard-headed man in such stories! And how very hard-headed we always make him. His head, in fact, is nothing short of adamant. Happy poet! Kings and princes have desired to see the things that you see, and have not seen them.

Mr. Lang has been a notable benefactor to those who would regain their lost fairyland. Older folks than “the Friendly Reader” to whom this “Green Fairy Book” is ostensibly addressed will sigh, reading in his pleasant preface that this is probably to be the last of the series. Mr. Lang, as before, has gathered his materials from the four winds. “However much” the various nations from which they come “differ about trifles, they all,” he quaintly tells his young audience, “agree in liking fairy tales.” As usual with Mr. Lang, one seems to surprise a sigh lurking behind his little jest. For, indeed, what is there of all the things we jostle for in life that is not make-believe compared with the radiant reality of those old dreams of good and true and wonderful that we still could dream when we first met these old tales long ago? What would we not give to believe again that every serpent but disguises a beautiful prince, and that love and beauty were the especial care of a fairy providence. “Perhaps it is so, after all,” we find ourselves saying as we dip into this book, beautified by Mr. Ford’s “Midsummer’s Night’s” fancy.

Again, Mr. Lang reassures his young reader that the frightful monsters found in fairy tales no longer exist,

a thrilling likelihood of one or other being under the bed or coming down the chimney. Should Mr. Dobson’s “Little Blue-Ribbons” happen to be among Mr. Lang’s readers—and one may be certain that all Mr. Dobson’s dramatis personæ read Mr. Lang—she at least will not believe



The Princess carried off by the bees.
FROM “ROSANELLA.”

author of “The Happy Prince” and smiles. But then, as in the story about the fossil mammoths, Mr. Lang’s news is not true. Both he and Mr. Oscar Wilde have each written charming fairy tales—some of them not so much inferior, after all, to those of the more fortunately born Madame d’Aulnoy and the Count de Caylus. But yet, as with books and wine and friends, it must at least seem that the old tales are best. We owe it to our childhood to say so. Indeed, we cannot help ourselves. Who will ever be able to approach for us the simple thrill of “The Three Bears”? And here, if the reader so please, we will end with a rondeau—

Still the old tales, whatever new
The fickle years shall bring us too,
The tales as dear to us as home,
The old familiar Fairydom
Our great-great-grandfathers knew.

To read when summer skies are blue,
When Autumn draws the shutters to,
When Winter with his firs has come,
Still the Old Tales!

And here, dear boy and girl, a few
Within this book are writ for you.
Let fickle other people roam
In quest of newer fay and gnome,
To these old tales we’ll still be true—
Still the Old Tales.

RICHARD LE GALLIENNE.



The girl was only a keeper of sheep.
FROM “THE DIRTY SHEPHERDESS.”



As soon as the snake saw Gramonia, it wound its tail
round her and kissed her.
FROM “THE ENCHANTED SNAKE.”

this tale about their being safe under lock and key in the museums, for you may happen to remember that

“Little Blue-Ribbons” believes, I think,
That the rain comes down for the birds to drink;
Moreover, she holds, in a cab you’d get
To the spot where the suns of yesterday set;
And I know that she fully expects to meet
With a lion or wolf in Regent Street!
We may smile, and deny as we like— But, no;
For “Little Blue-Ribbons” still dreams it so.

Though Mr. Lang bids us thank sundry ladies, and not him, for the translations, traces of his wit seem to crop up here and there in certain sly turns of phrase: as when in the charming story of “Prince Featherhead and the Princess Celandine” the old miser-woman with whom the Princess has been living till the Prince comes and finds her, seeing their happiness, refuses to give them a meal. “What!” she cried, “feed people who were as happy as all that! Why, it was simply ruinous!” But Mr. Lang, though witty himself, is not apparently content that wit should be in other men. Speaking of modern fairy tales, “there are not many people now—perhaps there are none—who can write really good fairy tales, because they do not believe enough in their own stories, and because they want to be wittier than it has pleased Heaven to make them.” Maybe Mr. Lang is only making reference to himself; though somehow one thinks of the



Touching him with her wand she imprisoned him for a thousand
years in a crystal ball which hung from the roof.
FROM “PRINCE NARCISSEUS AND THE PRINCESS POTENTILLA.”

THE STORY OF THE LAUREATES.—III. FROM WHITEHEAD TO WORDSWORTH.

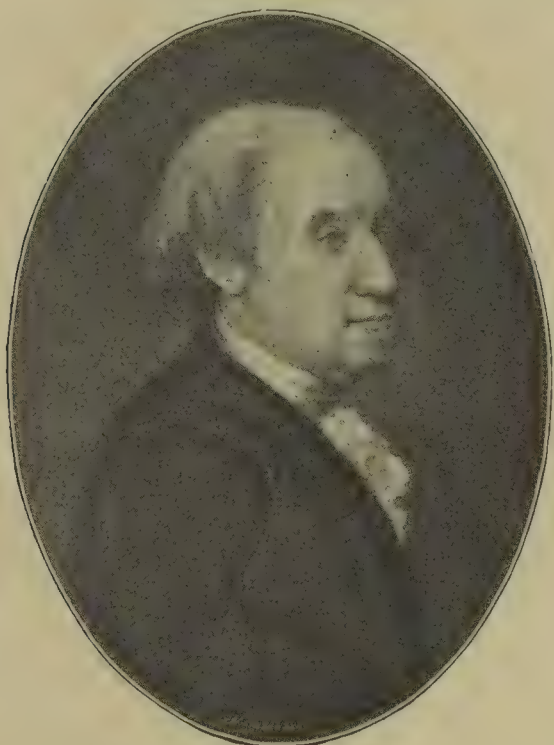
BY GEORGE SAINTSBURY.

No circumstances connected with the Laureateship have impressed themselves more on the public mind than the butt of sack and the birthday ode. I do not myself know that there is anything particularly ludicrous in either; but there are obvious handles for satirists in both. The later incumbents of the office owe the removal of the advantage of the butt and the burden of the ode to the sarcasm of Peter Pindar, of the "Probationary Odes" produced by the ingenious wits of Brooks's on the avoidance of the office at Whitehead's death, and of Byron. The allowance of wine, which connects itself (though in the illegitimate manner already explained) with Chaucer's "pitcher," was, of course, originally nothing more than the usual "commons" of liquor issued to a member of the royal household. Its various yearly forms at different times, the "tierce of canary" and the "butt of sack," differ pretty considerably. The butt of modern calculation is 108 gallons—nearly two bottles a day—and if a modern Laureate kept it and was allowed to select the best sherry obtainable, it would represent the very

was commuted for the modest sum of £27. Money emoluments have been equally irregular. Dryden (it is true that this was with the Historiographership and an extra pension) received £300 a year, besides the wine. Scott, perhaps for this reason, thought it as much, or more, when he received the offer, and was in two minds about declining it. But it proved, when Southey took it, to be worth no more than a third of the sum, and I see that it has been recently stated at even less. The fact is that special pensions were almost always attached to it in the old days, as, indeed, was the case in Lord Tennyson's time.

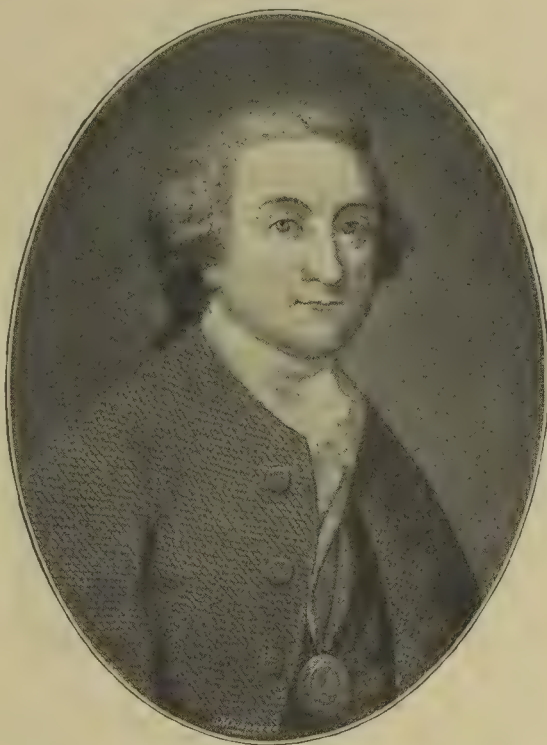
Thomas Warton (though he was the special butt of the wicked Wolcot) raised the reputation of the post considerably. He was a real critic, who turned his face in his criticism, if not in his production, to the Romantic sun, and not the classical night. His "History of English Poetry" was the first worthy work of its kind in England; and among his original pieces "The Progress of Discontent" (the history of an impecunious Oxford scholar) is one of the best followings of the octosyllabics of Swift and Prior to be found anywhere.

We have partly seen how, after the death of Pye, the Laureateship was refused by one great poet. Even had the crust of ridicule not gathered round it, it would have matched awkwardly with Scott's official position; but it suited Southey admirably, and he did very much to raise it out of the slough. If not exactly a great poet, he was a man of letters of the very first class. He made a stand against the duties which had helped to bring it into disrepute. He lent it the credit of his noble and upright character, and he accustomed the public to expect from its holder, if not first-rate poetry, prose that was always first rate and verse that was never contemptible. It was a curious and happy crowning of the rehabilitation when his friend Wordsworth succeeded him. By 1843 Wordsworth had lost the faculty of producing



HENRY JAMES PYE, 1790 TO 1813.

comfortable sum of about £250 a year—though I should not envy him if he drank two bottles of "Bristol Cream," or even of the best Amontillado, by himself every day for a twelve-month. A tierce is but forty-two gallons; and either "a Tory, a Whig, or a Moderate Man" might get through that without much difficulty or danger. But it is improbable that the wine was ever of the very best; and the tenure of it was very fluctuating. When James II. (who, among his numerous other faults, was a stingy fellow) succeeded, Dryden's wine was cut off; and when Southey, more than a century later, took it in hand to restore the damaged prestige of the office, the perquisite

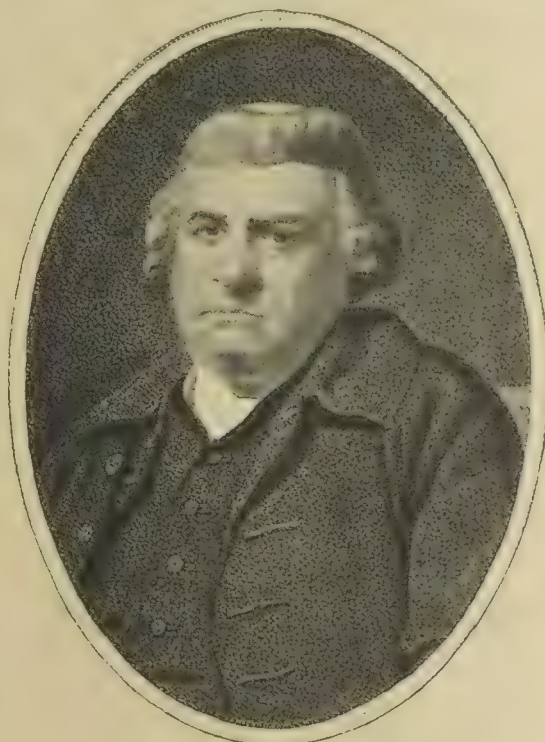


WILLIAM WHITEHEAD, 1757 TO 1785.

As for the birthday odes (birthday and new year would be a more exact description), I do not exactly know to whom the invention of that *corvée* is to be traced. Some of the books assign the origin to Eusden's incumbency, but this is certainly incorrect, for "pieces of conviction" exist in the case of his predecessor Rowe. On the occasion of the offer to Scott, the Duke of Buccleuch described it wittily enough as a "piece of court-plaster" sticking to the official, and added a picture of the fate of being "chaunted and recitativated by hoarse and squalling choristers," which seems to have decided his not unreluctant clansman to refuse. But this incident of the office was not an early one. Ben, indeed, besides elaborating those exquisite masques which may be set to the credit of his place, did, both before and after 1630, perform certain birthday and new-year "epigrams" and the like in honour of King Charles and "Queen Mary" (he called her so, and it was the word at Naseby, and I do not see why, though the latter omen be not wholly good, we should prefer the hideous "Henrietta Maria"). But it does not seem to have been an enforced or regular duty. Dryden, as far as there is any trace in his works, never did it at all, nor did Davenant. The harness work, therefore, must have been one of those Continental innovations on the free and gentle intercourse of the old English Court which we owe to the

Orange and early Hanoverian kings. The results, even without the "hoarse and squalling choristers," were appalling. The Pindaric Ode is at all times a sufficiently dangerous kind. If it sometimes gives us a "Lycidas"; an "Ode to the pious Memory of Mrs. Anne Killigrew"; an "Ode on the Passions"; an "Ode on the Death of the Duke of Wellington"; it more often produces things alternately ludicrous and dreadful. For the study of these I should recommend the reader to begin easily with the works of Young and Watts, persons much superior to the usual eighteenth-century Laureate, and then, having let himself down gradually to the official record of Rowe and Whitehead, to end, if he dare, with Eusden and Pye.

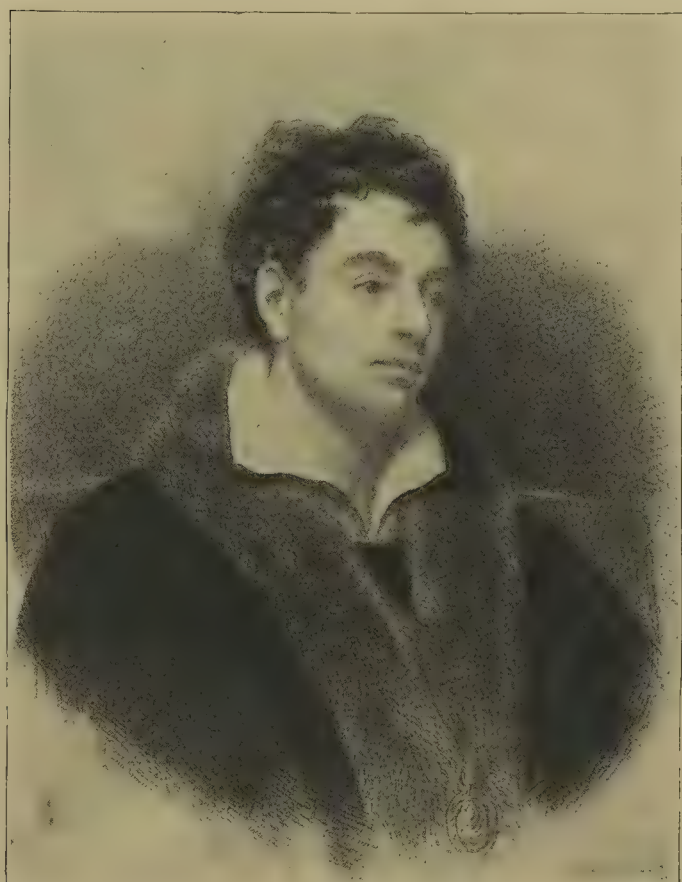
On the whole, the backs were fairly well fitted for the burden in the period covered by the end of the last article and the beginning of this. William Whitehead, who held the office for nearly thirty years, from 1757 to 1785, was a much more respectable person and a much less clever man than his namesake and contemporary, Paul Whitehead, "Paul, the Aged," of Medmenham. He was a rather fluent bard, and attempted on one occasion some spirited reprisals on the "silly dogs" who barked at Laureates. Pye, who held it for more than twenty years, from 1790 to 1813, was a Berkshire gentleman of good principles, who had spent some money in standing for Parliament, and whose Laureateship, like his police magistracy, was no doubt well earned in a way. Between the two



THOMAS WARTON, 1785 TO 1790.

the highest poetry, but on his life-work he was emphatically the first poet of England. And as for the last incumbency, it is unnecessary to speak. At no time during the forty-two years—the longest tenure of the office on record—during which Lord Tennyson held the bays, has there been any English poet alive who was his equal—nor during that time has there been any poet in the world who was his superior.

There is small room for morals here, but the moral of the foregoing story must surely be plain—Keep the seat ready (even with a dummy in it if better is not to be had), and the man will come.



ROBERT SOUTHEY, 1813 TO 1843.



WILLIAM WORDSWORTH, 1843 TO 1850.

DR. NANSEN ON HIS EXPEDITION.

AN INTERVIEW.

Dr. Fridtjof Nansen's daringly venturesome expedition to the Polar regions has attracted as much attention in this country as if he had been one of ourselves instead of a stranger from "Norway o'er the faem."

"A stranger!" protested Dr. Nansen, in his sunny way, "but you hardly call me a stranger, do you? I have been here before, and I'm to lecture before the Royal Geographical Society again when I return from my expedition."

It was in this way (writes a representative of the *Illustrated London News*) that Dr. Nansen received me when I called upon him the other day, just as he was leaving London for Christiania. Somebody has remarked—a permissible enough thing in these days of the "new journalism"—on Dr. Nansen's fine stature and physique. To say that he stands over six feet and is splendidly built is not enough. He simply gives you the impression of a man built of whalebone lashed with whipcord.

"I should be very glad, Doctor," I began, "if you would tell me anything about this expedition which hasn't been told."

"Ah!" he replied, "but you must suggest to me if there is anything left over. If you can put new points to me, or old points in fresh form, very good."

"Have you mentioned when you first thought of your expedition?"

"The expedition has been in my mind for years and years—for so long that really I could not tell you the precise time. I have always taken an interest in Arctic exploration, and I had practically decided upon an expedition before I went on my trip across Greenland. From the first, more or less, my plan has been the same—that is, the central notion has been the same."

"What central notion—just in a sentence, if you will?"

"To build a strong vessel—the 'Fram,' Anglicised 'Forward,' I have called it—which would practically be proof against getting crushed in the ice; to go north on the Euro-Asiatic side so far as possible in the summer; and then to strike into the ice, and drift with what I believe to be an existing current across the Polar regions to the Greenland side."

"Now, what is the expedition—before we come to other matters—likely to cost?"

"I don't know exactly, but perhaps, everything told, about £18,000, and of that sum the Norse Storting voted between

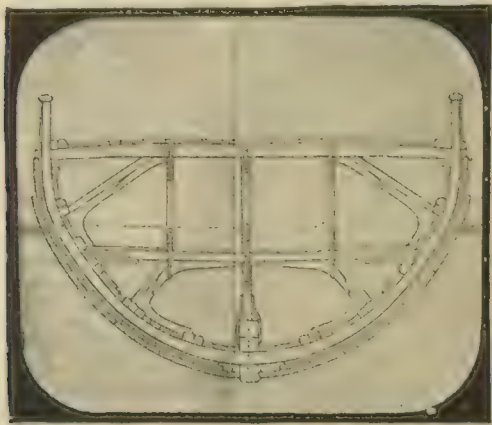


DIAGRAM SHOWING THE STRUCTURE OF THE HULL OF THE FRAM.

£10,000 and £11,000. I shall have a crew of eleven picked men besides myself. Difficulty in getting a crew? Dear me, no!—the difficulty will rather be how to select eleven from the many applicants. Men anxious to go—men in varied positions of life—have written me from all parts—from England as well as other countries. As yet, I have made no definite selection, but the likelihood is that my companions will all be Norse. You will at once recognise the cohesion that is obtained by having a crew entirely of one nationality."

"Perfectly. I want to put to you the difficulties—the insurmountable obstacles some seem to think—which occur to one in connection with the expedition."

"No doubt there are infinite difficulties, as there always are in such a matter; but I do not regard them as hopeless difficulties. Nobody need imagine for a minute that I do not fully recognise the difficulties, only I hope that we shall be able to overcome them. I'm sure we shall all try very hard to do so."

"First, there is the difficulty implied in that scourge to Arctic explorers, the scurvy."

"If proper precautions are taken, if we live on the best of provisions and follow the most healthful methods of life, I do not see that we run any undue risk of scurvy. Careful living and exercise ought to enable us to keep free of the disease, for, to begin with, we shall set out a naturally strong, healthy crew."

"Then are you confident about this current setting from the region of the New Siberian Islands, where you mean to go into the ice, across the Polar wastes?"

"I am. Without going into the evidence, I merely say that it is enough to satisfy me of the existence of a current. Many relics of ships which have gone in at the opposite side have drifted across to the Greenland side and been picked up by the Esquimaux. Not only that, but the Esquimaux have seen whole ships, which have drifted across, frozen into the ice. Taking the entire position, I am well enough satisfied in my own mind upon this point."

"You cut off your base of supplies. Is that not a departure in Arctic exploration?"

"You may, if you like, call it a departure, but my view is that other expeditions have failed because there was no such departure. Having a base of supplies, other expeditions, when

the difficulties reached a climax, turned back. If you have no base to go back upon, you must go forward, whatever the difficulties. Sometimes it is a positive disadvantage to have a means of retreat open. Without a retreat it means do or die; it is go forward or go nowhere. I believe that one great reason why my expedition across Greenland was successful was because I had no retreat. In this larger expedition the venture is worth the risk. At the most one can only die once, but I feel certain we shall get through."

"Some of your sympathetic critics seem to doubt if the 'Fram,' or any other ship, is above being crushed by the ice."

"My point is that, instead of being crushed, the 'Fram' will, by the force of the floes which would crush her, merely be lifted on to the ice. I don't at the minute recollect what her



THE FRAM ON THE STOCKS.

power of resistance to a crush of ice is, but it is very much greater than the force which would be needed to lift her on to the ice. Her U-shaped build of hull is nothing new. It is only a case of the U-shape being developed a little more than usual. Whalers built this way have been lifted on to the ice, and that notwithstanding they have been built with the disadvantage of having to find room for cargo. Not taking cargo, the 'Fram' reaches a point in the U-construction which will enable her to be most easily lifted on to the ice."

"But, Doctor, if the 'Fram' happened to be frozen into the ice how could she rise?"

"She could not, of course. Only the ice into which she was frozen would protect her, and there would be no occasion for her to rise. If there is a field of ice round the ship other pieces of ice may beat against it without hurting her. So far as I know, no ship has been crushed while frozen into the ice. The American vessel *Jeannette* had been frozen into the ice, but that was not her position when she was crushed. Most probably one's imagination could conceive circumstances under which the 'Fram' might be 'nipped.' It is possible to imagine her being frozen in on one side and not on the other, and so getting crushed. Imagination might also conjure up the possibility of our being thrown back by the force of the ice on to the shores of Siberia. While those things are possibilities, they are hardly likely to happen. You have to manage so that they do not happen; if there are risks, they must be taken."

"If by any combination of circumstances the 'Fram' did get crushed, what then?"

"Why, we should take to the ice, having our two large boats with us. The *Hansa* crew in 1869-70 lived nine months on the ice, and in 1777 Dutch whalers drifted on the ice for a great distance along the east coast of Greenland. The whalers did not come to disaster by the ice, but because their provisions went down. We shall have provisions for five or six years, and we shall, if necessary, be able to travel on the ice. You see, therefore, that even if we lost the ship we should not be quite done for. We should still be able to drift with the ice towards—as I take it, the current goes—the coast of Greenland, or to between Greenland and Spitzbergen."

"Assuming your greatest hopes to be fulfilled about the current, does it follow that you will reach the Pole?"

"Not necessarily, and I cannot say altogether that I am setting out to get to the Pole. I should like that point to be clearly understood. My purpose is to cross the Polar regions in order to make scientific investigations. If we get to the Pole, so much the better; if we do not, then it cannot be helped. Essentially, as I say, the purpose is a purely scientific one—to



THE FRAM AFLOAT.

cross the Polar regions in order to make scientific observations."

"What kind of a region do you imagine it to be about the Pole—open water to any extent?"

"I should not think so—floating ice. When we return, however, wherever we manage to get, we shall be able to say what we have seen."

"Personally, you start with a firm belief in your plan and good hope as to the outcome?"

"Yes, I do; and I'm sure the expedition will have the kind wishes of the English people."

I said I did not think that there could be a shadow of a doubt about that, and thus our talk ended.

THE LITTLE CHRONICLE.

The story that the Prince of Wales had sunk into a bad state of health was not true; but it is true that the mere rumour, though promptly disposed of by authoritative contradiction, lived long enough to revive uneasiness about the succession to the Throne. This uneasiness starts from the fact that there are very few lives between the sovereignty of these realms and the Duke of Fife's daughter—fewer than there were between the Throne and its present occupant when her Majesty was a child; and the fear is that (especially if there are turbulent times to come) the accession of a Fife princess might estrange the people, weaken the foundation of government in Britain, and make an appreciable difference in the relations of the Colonies to the mother country. How much there may be in such fears cannot be determined, of course; but, reasonable or unreasonable, they were common enough to make themselves heard just before the betrothal of the late Prince Albert Victor was announced, when they were put to rest. But the unfortunate death of the young Prince could but revive these apprehensions, and strong as the reluctance may be to take account of possibilities that would sharpen them yet more, it must be remembered that this is really a matter of national concern. It would be good news that the Duke of York was to be married.

The verdict in the case of Dr. Kerwan's murder has aroused some consternation, which need not be wondered at. It is likely enough that when the rogues who killed him began upon this particular job murder was no part of their intention; but, considering that what they were about was highway robbery with violence, the law says that the result of the violence (declared on surgical testimony to have been extreme) was murder. By this verdict, however, the consequences of "over-doing it" are thrown rather too much upon the victim, according to some folk's thought, and perhaps they are right. But the most disturbing thing about the matter is the comfortable lesson which ruffianism will draw from the trial. The lesson is that ruffianism should never go to work single-handed in affairs of this sort, nor even in couples. It should work in gangs of three or four, and do the business in as general and confused a way as possible. If then some too heavy-handed "pal" should happen to convert insensibility by throttling into death by the same, it will be all right so far as the charge of murder goes. The risk can be taken without that dread of dreads for ruffianism, hanging by the neck till you are dead.

The sympathisers with M. de Lesseps, and those who deem it shame that there should ever have been a thought of bringing him to trial, seem to forget one thing. Investigation has placed half-a-dozen men (more, perhaps) under suspicion of actual guilt, such as our own experience of company-promoters has made us familiar with. None of these other gentlemen are entitled to consideration as great geniuses, great Frenchmen, and extremely aged. If good reason has been discovered for haling them before the courts, it is no acquittance to say that their chief constructed the Suez Canal, and is now going on towards ninety years of age. Not to bring them to trial would be a wrong and a scandal of the first magnitude; and, for aught that is publicly known, the misdoings of these men, or some of them, may go far beyond anything that can be alleged against M. de Lesseps himself. And what if to bring them to justice it is necessary to include him in what cannot be supposed a groundless prosecution? Is that a sufficient reason for letting them go untried? Don't let us forget that some of the gentlemen about him may possibly have gone upon the calculation that the enormous prestige of their chief would silence all hostile inquiry. As it is, if he stood alone he might be allowed to escape trial, for the honour of France. But would it do to pass him over and charge the others? Hardly. Then, would it be for the honour of France to stifle the accusations against the others—accusations of we know not what? No one will undertake to say so.

There is at least one extremely good reason for going on with the prosecution, which is that if one charge that is very freely made is not unjust, France would profit considerably by having it brought out. There is no Press in the world so corrupt as the French. Traffic between financiers, company-mongers, and journalists is carried on in more than half the newspaper offices in Paris. Now, it has been openly said that the Panama Company spent millions of francs in buying the commendation or the silence of the newspapers; which may be false. Certain it is, however, that either for love or lucre, either from ignorance or something very much worse, trust in the enterprise was all but universally preached in the Press long after it had become an utterly hopeless failure. This mistake, or whatever it should be called, led many poor investors into deeper and deeper ruin. Millions of money were poured into the company's coffers when they might just as well have been taken out into the middle of the Pacific and thrown overboard. Now, it will be well to know whether any of those deplorably enthusiastic newspapers were bought; and, if so, how many of them and what their names are.

It is not many months ago that a writer in the *Illustrated London News* protested against certain needless and sorely felt humiliations inflicted on old people and young children in workhouses. Not many months ago, but meantime a great stir has arisen against all such barbarities as were then mentioned; and at this rate it will not be long before the whole system of Poor Law administration is changed. The present system of administration does undoubtedly bear in a cruel way upon the worthy poor, of whom there are many. The bleak and naked barrack life in "the house," the separation of old married people, the humiliation of the changeless pauper garb which makes these poor people ashamed to be seen—are hardships that should have been done away with long ago. But there need be no hurry about abolishing them for any but those who are known to have become helpless through age and misfortune alone. For such only, too, should the system of out-door relief be enlarged. Inquiry is always possible—in country districts it is easy; and while the aim should be to soften the sense of pauperism for the deserving, the undeserving might be dealt with more rigorously rather than less, to the general advantage.

It has often been observed that there is a fashion even in suicide. Now there is a run upon one method, now upon another. After drowning, perhaps, hanging used to be by far the most common; in these times it is comparatively rare. But it was preferable for the survivor (who really ought to be considered) to shooting, which has become very frequent, and infinitely more so than another method, the choice of which has been strangely frequent of late, both at home and abroad. It is too horrible to throw oneself out of window.



O hark to him! Hark!" sings Whyte-Melville of the hound that had it when the fallows were dry and the ground was like a stone; and he explains with more than poetical exactness that the bitch was from the Belvoir and the dog from the Quorn. In glancing back at the history of the

well-beloved Oakley, I remember that Arkwright's sort, that fine big hound with the beaver strain, which has done as much as anything to make the hunt, was bred from Belvoir and Brocklesby drafts, and was brought to perfection only by fifty years of constant care and admirable supervision. The history of this pack is roughly co-existent with this past half-century, the musty folios taking us to the day when the Oakley were the property of the Duke of Bedford, and were of little account, because Mr. Arkwright had not come upon the scene. This was the duke who sold the hounds to the county, in whose soulless possession they might have gone to oblivion if the great Master had not purchased them and made them his care. The drafting of Belvoir and Brocklesby types was Mr. Arkwright's first work; and later, with the aid of the kennel huntsman and pro-first whip, Tom Whitmore, he made the pack as we know it, remarkable, as another has justly said, for true symmetry, thorough working qualities, and striking fashion. "Mr. Robert," as the old folk speak of him, hunted the hounds for six-and-twenty years, and gave up the work only when he found that he could not sustain the arduous task of four days a week over a country which is as trying as any in the kingdom. A committee called upon to pronounce commonplaces upon the situation actually found *pro tempore* a solution of it, and the work was divided, so that the Master had but two days a week in the woodlands, while Mr. Macan faced the plough of the flats and brought short-legged horses to the work, leading the squires from their own farms and occupying the south and east with the dog pack when Mr. Arkwright was at home. I should not forget, however, that the last Duke of Bedford purchased the hounds from Mr. Arkwright and presented them to the hunt *in seculum*, thus laying on a firm foundation the fortunes of a pack which might well be the pride of any hunt in the country.

I have often thought that the town-bound man who jogs to Ascot, and mingles with a majority on hacks, to his discomfort, and often to his undoing, might well try a run with the Oakley, now under the wise care of Captain Browning, who is a most deservedly popular Master. Major Higgins, the secretary, will keep him posted, and he will find that he pays little more for his pleasure than for the rough-and-tumble with the doomed Buckhounds. A glance at the Midland or North-Western timetable shows how short is the journey to Bedford, whence a drive of half-a-dozen miles to the picturesque and well-built kennels at Milton Ernest enables one to interview Whitmore and to chat *de omnibus rebus*. Once welcomed by the huntsman in his house, the visitor may see the famous hound Dancer, who took a prize at Peterborough recently, and who shares favour with Rhymer and Forman. Dancer is a perfect specimen of one of Arkwright's sort, and, indeed, is remarkable in a pack which is remarkable. Whitmore will tell you that the Oakley country is best commanded by Bedford and Bletchley, with Sharnbrook for the woodlands—well-riden, these, and good for scenting soil, especially late in the spring. It will be a new experience for any flat-country rider to learn

"creeping" in a pretty woodland country, where the woods are open and the fences not impregnable, nor fraught with *culs-de-sac* to the skilful. But this newcomer must expect to hear of steam-ploughs in the lowlands; of many doubles around Thurleigh; of ditches which are wide as they are difficult; of stretches of country where those who will not fall in must fall out; of coverts where foxes are plentiful; of good meadow-land, which would be better had the plough never touched it. He must learn that the horseman who is an *enfant gâté* will find no gates on many a mile of the lowland span, and will be, nill he, must jump if he hunt at all. It is all deceitful, this mild-looking district with the simple fences and the lack of much water, and the hidden bullfinches, which might well make the nerveless rein in and the strong man shake up his wits. Short-legged horses shall you get and of fine quality, or they will tire with the work in the first twenty minutes, and your fine, sleek-limbed chestnut will lie down when the cob-mounted farmer is but beginning. You shall have, too, no moaning at the bar as you face the stiff places, nor go looking for that gap which you scented when the double first presented itself to your sight. Watch this field, made up of no lagging ornaments, but of hearty wheat-farming husbandmen, riding their sturdy cattle straight as the crow flies, in and out, perhaps, in the woodlands, where the paths go agog, but forward in the meadow-land below, and fast by Newport Pagnell to Northampton, where the way is softer, and no line through covert is feared. A land, truly, where scent rages, where horses often cannot live with hounds, where the steam-plough is nigh

notice. Take the hunting map, and you will put your pen on Bedford, Kimbolton, Newport Pagnell, Sharnbrook, and get the fixed points within which is your compass. This country has been properly described as east and north of the Duke of Grafton's, marching with the Pytchley from Northampton to Higham Ferrers, and along the Cambridgeshire and Hertfordshire borders to Leighton, joining north of this the boundaries of the Whaddon Chase. The limit which the Master now puts on himself is marked at Bletchley, Leighton, and Toddington, for the Hertfordshire have got Silsoe and Chicksands, and the Cambridgeshire share Northill and Southill with them. In the woodland country, Easton Wood, Yardley Chase, and Horton Wood are neutral with the Grafton, and here the Tuesday and the Saturday meets are commonly found. It is to be regretted that foxes are disappearing in these quarters, and that this lament grows as the years grow. Finer rides or better for the holding of scent are not known to us, and the early autumn and late spring hunting is traditional. Of the other Tuesday fixtures, Lord Cowper's, Harrold Woods, or Odell or Nunn Wood; while, for Saturday, Lord St. John's, Melchbourne, Mr. Crawley's, Keysoe Park, the artificial Shelton Gorse, with Kimbolton, Swineshead, and Pertenhall are very well known fixtures. Monday is the great day for the lowlands, as Thursday is for the Thurleigh side. Bromham, Drake's Gorse, of which Lord Carrington is the father, and Chicheley, for Thick Thorn, are easily recalled for the second day of the week, but the coverts are very many here and the foxes are exceedingly plentiful. Indeed, in running over the list of places and



HEAVY GOING OVER PLOUGHED FIELD.

omnivorous, where the thick-legged cob has his price, where the more speedy man of unstable equilibrium is not worth a button from his coat, where ornament is valued in nothing, and where skill alone is of account—but a country to see, and fifty miles only from the glass arch of St. Pancras, as your geography should tell you.

This mention of geography reminds me that the scope of the hunt which Captain Browning leads is well worthy of

recalling the names of Sir C. Payne, Captain Turner, the last Duke of Bedford and the present Duke, Mr. Magniac, Lord Charles Russell, Lord Cowper, and Mr. Whitbread, it is not difficult to account for the *esprit* which seems to inspire all things connected with this pack and the general enthusiasm for it.

I have spoken of the kennels and of Tom Whitmore. I may add a note to the memory of George Wells, who was

Mr. J. F. Hittell-Master.

Captain Hugh Browning, Master. — — — — — Mr. G. Jones.

Tom Whitmore, Huntsman. Mr. F. T. Gigram.

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Mr. W. F. Higgins, Secretary.



THE OAKLEY HUNT: GOING TO COVER.

THE OAKLEY HUNT.



A BEDFORDSHIRE BULLFINCH.



THE KENNELS.

huntsman of the Oakley during the first decade of this century; and, spanning the years to this decade, may speak of Whitmore's fellows, Will Sheppard and Harry Hinch. All that is of good is to be found at Milton Ernest, where, if they have not the finish and fads of the Badminton with the splendour of the Quorn, they have a picturesque little place, perfectly organised, well placed, and commodious. The great pack that Arkwright bred was never in a finer condition than it is to-day, and the breed of hound was never better appreciated. Looking abroad at the followers, too, one finds much ground for all this prosperity and keenness in the fact that this is not a country of boxes to let and subscription-owing casuals. The husbandman hunts from his own place, from the place where his father hunted before him, so that the traditions go down from father to son, and the anathema of the community rises when the wire-fiend shows his head. A truly democratic hunt, where the long-priced mount does not make the man, nor the "showy" stand well in the year's record. A hunt, in short, which has many friends and a long history, a capital master and a rough country, a pack which is unique and an enthusiasm which is deep-seated; a hunt for which there are many hundreds to shout a "*Floreat!*" and many hundreds to echo the cry.

MAX PEMBERTON.



CREEPING THROUGH A NASTY PLACE.

The bicycle is fast becoming ubiquitous, we know; but to hear of two American bicyclists crossing the whole continental breadth of Asia, via Tashkent, Kuldja, and China, is indeed surprising. What the roadway from Orenburg to Tashkent is like may be realised from what the late Mr. Ashton Dilke, M.P., said at a meeting of the Royal Geographical Society in

1881, when some previous speaker happened to mention that the contractor for that road had gone bankrupt. Mr. Dilke said that he himself had once traversed that road, and though he did not wish to rejoice at the death or bankruptcy of any fellow-man, he could not resist an inward smile of contentment when he thought how many days of misery that same

glacier down which camels have to be passed by ropes, but one of the more northern passes is believed to be easier, and probably this was the one taken by the present travellers. It is a curious link between the fifteenth and nineteenth centuries to think that the route followed is that traced by the embassy despatched by Shah Rukh, the son of the great Tartar, Timur, to the Court of Cathay in 1419!

The Early Closing Association, founded in 1842, celebrated its jubilee, after fifty years, on Thursday, Nov. 17, with a banquet at the Holborn Restaurant. Mr. J.C. Marshall, of the firm of Marshall and Snelgrove, was in the chair. He stated that now "there is scarcely in any part of London a house of business, doing what may be called the principal trade, which does not close at hours ranging from five to seven or eight, and at an early hour either on Saturdays, Wednesdays, or Fridays." He computed that in London alone there must be nearly 140,000 assistants and warehousemen in early closing houses. The efforts of this society have in the past two years aided to improve the hours of closing, usually by an early closing on Wednesday or Saturday, in 5366 London shops, and meetings have been held all over the country.

The National Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children held a public meeting on Wednesday evening, Nov. 16, in St. James's Hall,

which was addressed by the Right Hon. H. H. Asquith, M.P., Secretary of State for the Home Department, Archbishop Vaughan, and General Sir Francis de Winton, the chairman. It was stated that the society's income is £4500 below its expenditure. Its operations have succoured 56,615 children in the last eight years.



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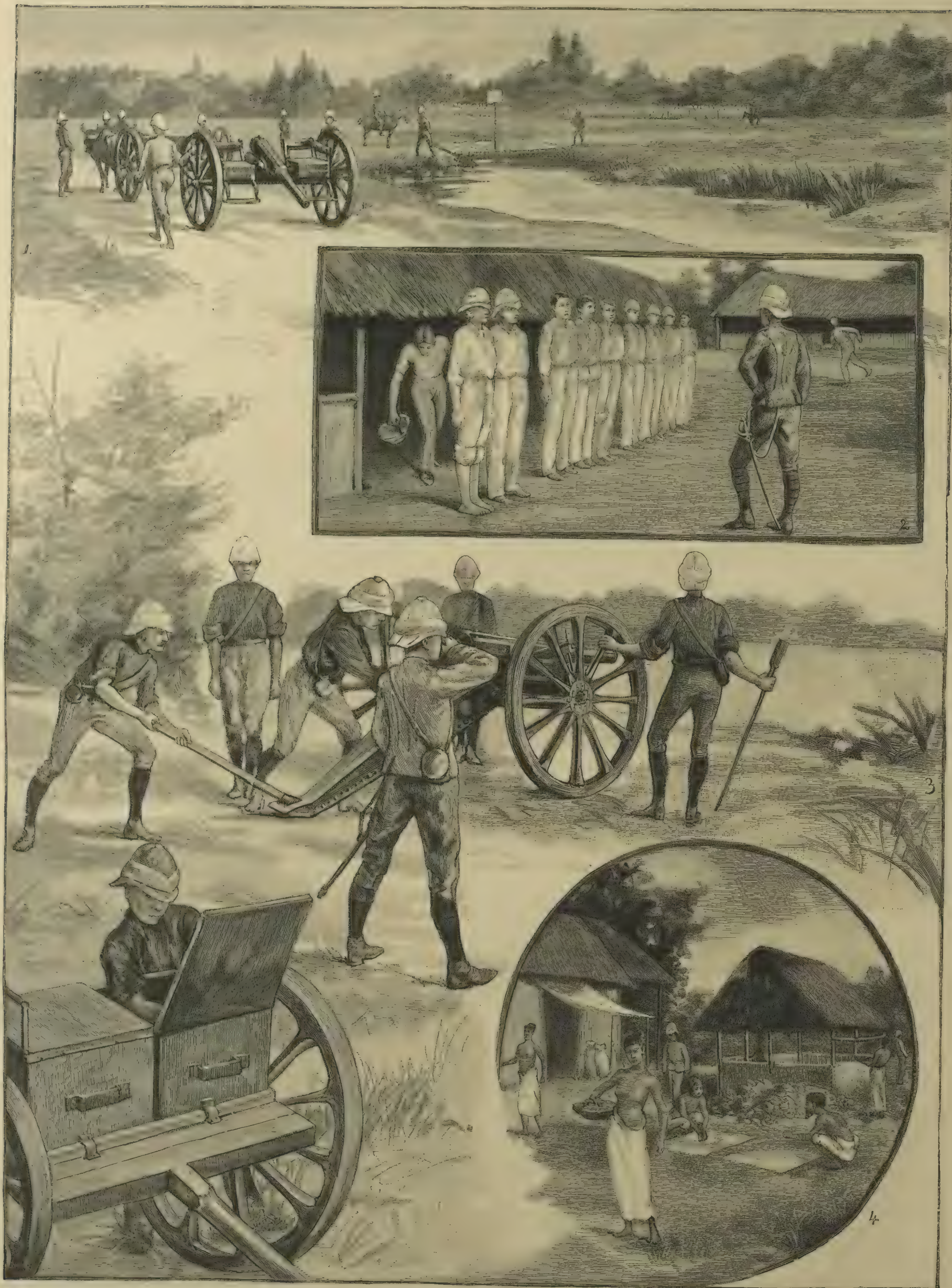
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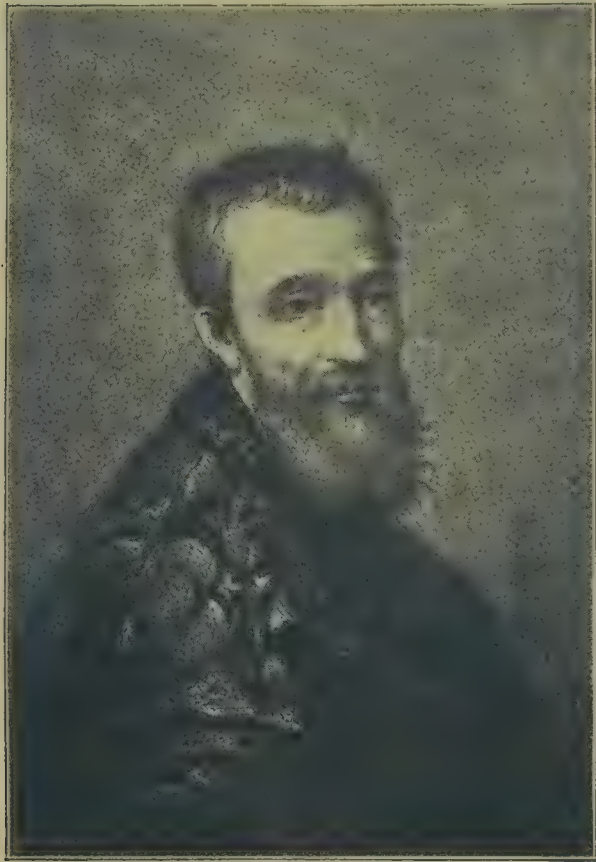
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Addington Symonds's *Life of Michel Angelo* (John Nimmo). And with this book—the most beautiful and soul-satisfying I have met this many a day—I have spent a delightful morning full of wonderment and dream. Kings, conquerors, prophets, and such vainglory are always coming and going in and out of this world; but in all the ages there never was but one Michel Angelo, and so great was this soul that to believe that it once inhabited human flesh seems impossible. Mr. Symonds's book is, as it were, a portal thrown open on a world of rapture, where there is neither criticism nor comparison.

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coloured bas-relief, more complete and less perfect than the Greek's. Michel Angelo's outlook was the same as Phidias's. One chose the Last Judgment and the other Olympus, but both subjects were looked at

from the same point of view. In each instance the question asked was, What opportunity does it afford for the display of human form? Vasari, excellent guide though he is, does not succeed in keeping Mr. Symonds from considering Michel Angelo from false points of view; Mr. Symonds does not see that in Michel Angelo's day painting had not become separated from her elder sister, and so he wanders and hesitates in his appreciations and depreciations, and he stumbles in places where the way is as clear as may be.

There are two pictures said to be by Michel Angelo in the National Gallery: a Madonna with Christ, St. John, and four attendant figures, and by its side a larger picture, "The Entombment of Christ." Mr. Symonds prefers the first picture, and by a good deal. He thinks it highly probable that it is a genuine work by the

master; "The Entombment" he feels quite sure is spurious. The pictures have no history, and we are free to hold what opinion we please. Mr. Symonds speaks of designs by Michel Angelo coloured by pupils. Well, we have all our own way of looking at things, but, personally, I can hardly believe at all in the possibility of an inferior artist working up a design by a great artist without betraying uncertainty, weakness, and ignorance in his every touch. True it is that the inferior artists of the great artistic epochs were strangely gifted: the absolute duffer seems peculiar to the nineteenth century; and the weaknesses of such second-rate artists I think I see in the heads on the Virgin's left. Does not the modelling seem a little empty, a little feeble, for Michel Angelo? Does not it seem to have been accomplished by someone working from a finished drawing not his own, rather than the artist working from his own drawing, and putting more into the picture than there was in the drawing? "The Entombment" is not so obviously beautiful in design—it is harsher, grander, more terrible. It is also more picturesque, and, in my opinion, the rarity of the invention of the composition, *l'idée plastique*, proclaims it as coming from Michel Angelo. I, at least, can imagine no one else capable of conceiving, drawing, or executing the figure supporting



HEAD OF ISAIAH.—BY MICHEL ANGELO.

the dead Christ with strained arm and thrown back head. That strained arm is, according to me, *un morceau sans prix*; and I confess that I would prefer to doubt the authenticity of the Cupid in the Kensington Museum upon which Mr. Symonds lavishes all his praise. This Cupid is surely a somewhat tiresome and uninteresting performance, and if we had to sacrifice any work, however vaguely attributed to Michel Angelo, I know not what I would choose to give up before this statue.

Mr. Symonds seems to me to walk on surer ground when he speaks of Michel Angelo's merits as a literary artist. Some doubt existed as to the sex of the person to whom these sonnets were addressed, for of woman, or even woman's influence, there is no faintest trace in Michel Angelo's life. A special Act of Parliament, setting aside the will of the last survivor of the artist's family, has enabled Mr. Symonds to set this matter at rest. What these sonnets are in Italian I have no means of knowing; but when translated into English by Mr. Symonds they seem to be as fine as any, reminding us of Wordsworth in their stateliness, and their profound gravity. The bulk of his poetry was written when he was seventy, when he had exhausted sculpture, painting, and architecture, and must fain find another medium for his eternal genius.

GEORGE MOORE.



HEAD OF DELPHIC SIBYL.—BY MICHEL ANGELO.



In the waning light of the afternoon,
Before it is time for the play,
Just a little dance, just a little tune
To while the dusk hour away—

O V E R T I M E .

To bring the light to the sunken eye,
To soften the lines of pain—
Then a good-bye kiss and a good-bye sigh,
And back to our work again.

THE LESSON OF THE HAMBURG EPIDEMIC.

BY D. R. O'SULLIVAN, M.D.

Professional zeal took me to Hamburg, and I have returned from my sojourn in the cholera barracks with many painful impressions, foremost among which is due to the knowledge that all the human suffering and misery which I witnessed could and should have been avoided. The terrible epidemic, which has cost the handsome city on the Alster close on eight thousand lives and hundreds of millions of marks, was in no sense a "visitation of Providence," but the direct and inevitable result of a most shameful disregard on the part of the sanitary authorities of the most elementary principles of hygiene. It seems incredible that one of the richest and most important cities in Europe should at the present day be dependent for its entire water supply upon a river rendered foul by constant barge traffic, and polluted by the reception of the sewage of more than half a million of inhabitants. Yet such was the disgraceful state of things existing in Hamburg up to August last, although an ample supply of water of unimpeachable quality could be obtained easily and at little cost from the Holstein lakes, situated some forty miles distant.

The river Elbe, which supplies the city with water for all purposes, is literally a common sewer, and its filthy stream is delivered to the citizens without having undergone any adequate purification or filtration. I have myself repeatedly drawn off a tumblerful of this diluted sewage from an ordinary tap, both in a high-class hotel and in the cholera barracks themselves, and allowed it to stand for a while. Subsequent examination revealed a layer of green algæ at the bottom, while disporting themselves throughout the brownish fluid were frequently to be seen numbers of minute creatures somewhat resembling shrimps in shape and movement. This latter phenomenon must have been observed by at least one of the cholera patients, an Irish sailor, who was convalescent when I first saw him. He had heard of the famous "comma bacillus" of Professor Koch (who in Hamburg had not?), and he assured me, in his rich, musical brogue, that "be the houly Saint Pathrick, shure he seen the divvils leppin' about wid his own eyes!"

The immediate cause of the outbreak of the epidemic is well known. During the month of August last a party of Russian emigrants en route to America arrived at Hamburg, and although it was notorious that they had come from a cholera-infected district, yet they were housed in some sheds situated on the Elbe at some distance above the city. The terrible disease quickly manifested itself among them, and as the drains from their encampment discharged, as usual, into the Elbe, contamination of the already foul stream with the specific microbe of cholera immediately followed, with what appalling results all the world knows. The authorities did at length realise the danger which threatened, and displayed much feverish activity, but, unfortunately, not in time to avert disaster. A more lamentable example of the futility of locking the stable door after the steed has been stolen cannot be cited. A cholera committee was appointed, numerous artesian wells were sunk, boiled water was distributed, and every wall throughout the stricken city was covered with posters warning the people against further consumption of the Elbe fluid.

No one could say that this was not good advice;
The only pity was—it came too late.

The scenes in the city during the height of the epidemic are not likely to be forgotten by anyone who witnessed them, and they recalled forcibly to my mind Defoe's wonderful description of the Great Plague of London. Over eighty thousand persons are said to have fled from the city of desolation; the hotels were absolutely empty, the cafés, theatres, and music-halls were closed, and at every point one encountered the ambulance van with its load of suffering humanity or a posse of the disinfecting corps on its way to fumigate a tainted dwelling. On one memorable day over twelve hundred cases were taken to hospital, and close on five hundred deaths were registered.

Within the cholera barracks the scenes were harrowing and painful beyond the power of my pen to describe. Lying side by side in one of the wards were a young mother and her two baby children, one a sweet little girl of about two years, with pretty fair hair and pathetic blue eyes, and the other a mere baby of eight months. All three were suffering from genuine Asiatic cholera, and within a few days the poor mites were orphans, for the mother died within forty-eight hours of admission, and the father succumbed to the same fatal disease in an adjoining ward twenty-four hours later. Strange to say, both the little ones recovered, but I could not help thinking that it had been almost better had the plague taken them also.

During the last weeks of October it was evident that the scourge had spent its force. The places of amusement were once more thrown open, and the general desire was to forget and to make others forget all about what had been.

And now that the epidemic has at length passed away—so far, at least, as Hamburg is concerned—let us see what we have learned as to the nature of the disease itself. The latest

and most likely theory is that cholera is an acute affection of the nervous system, produced by a blood poison. That there exists a close and intimate relation between the ingestion of the comma bacilli into the intestinal tract and the development of the collective group of symptoms which constitute an attack of cholera is beyond dispute; but, so far as can be ascertained, it is not the bacilli themselves, but their products, which give rise to these symptoms. The bacilli thrive only in the intestinal cavity, and are never found in the blood, but their "sewage-matter"—technically known as *ptomaines*—is readily absorbed into the circulation, and acts as a most virulent nerve poison.

It by no means follows that all persons who swallow the bacilli, even in considerable quantities, necessarily develop cholera. The Hamburg statistics tend to confirm what has been noted in preceding epidemics—namely, that out of any community exposed to the necessary influences, not more, on an average, than about five per cent. contract the disease. This means that only such a percentage of persons have the requisite "predisposition," or, in other words, afford, in their systems, a favourable nidus or breeding-ground for the bacilli. What precisely constitutes this predisposition to develop cholera is, as yet, a disputed point, but it is a significant fact that about five per cent. of most communities are found to have an alkaline or neutral instead of the normal (acid) stomach-reaction, and it is well known that alkaline or neutral media are as favourable to the growth and multiplication of the special microbe identified with an attack of cholera as acid media are inimical to the same. This, of course, may be only a coincidence, but it ought to serve further to impress upon persons exposed to epidemic influences the necessity of a very careful mode of life and of a simple, natural diet.

The decline of the epidemic is due, not to any medical skill, but simply to the fact that the disease has "weeded out" all the persons with the necessary predisposition alluded to.

That the Elbe water will continue for a long time to come to harbour the redoubtable microbe is highly probable, but so



HAMBURG CHOLERA TENTS.

effectual has been the process of elimination that it may safely be predicted that Hamburg will not, for some considerable time to come, be visited with another serious epidemic, and that, if the disease recur there at all, it will be but sporadically.

ON AN INCONSISTENCY OF DR. GOLDSMITH'S.

BY ANDREW LANG.

Why do we produce so many new books, as Goldsmith makes his Chinese philosopher ask, while we neglect the old books? Thanks to Mr. Austin Dobson, who has edited Goldsmith's "Citizen of the World," and to Mr. Dent, who has published it in two pretty little volumes, I have been reading again those delightful letters; if ever I read them before it was in early boyhood. Goldsmith's essays are the most charming in the world, and to complain seriously of his *inconséquences* would be absurd. But about criticism and critics he is pleasingly inconsistent, and shows all the little tempers of the man of letters. He often has a fling at reviewers, who, it seems, assailed his Chinese letters on both flanks. If he showed erudition in Chinese matters (like Mr. Payn in "By Proxy"), they proved him in the wrong or called him pedantic. If he wrote in a natural, straightforward English style, they complained of him for not being Chinese. "They calumniate, they injure, they despise, they ridicule each other. If one man writes a book that pleases, others shall write books to prove that he might have given still greater pleasure, or should not have pleased. . . . A critic is a being possessed of all the vanity, but not the genius, of a scholar. . . . If, then, a book, spirited or humorous, happens to appear in the republic of letters, several critics are in waiting to bid the public not to laugh at a single line of it, for themselves had read it, and they know what is most proper to excite laughter. Other critics contradict the fulminations of this tribunal, call them all spiders, and assure the public that they ought to laugh without restraint." Well, we have witnessed or taken part in similar modern exhibitions, and very good things for the authors they are. "There must be something in his book," people say, "if it can breed such differences of opinion"; so they try it, that they may come to a theory of their own. Goldsmith is not content with these hits.

He introduces a bookseller who shows him the manuscript of "an excellent farce." "Here it is: dip into it where you will, it will be found replete with true modern humour," with the New Humour, in fact. The Chinese philosopher sees little in it but dashes of the pen, to which the bookseller answers, "Do you see anything good nowadays that is not filled with strokes—and dashes? Sir, a well-placed dash makes half the wit of our writers of modern humour. I bought last season a piece that had no other merit than 995 breaks, seventy-two 'ha-ha's,' three good things, and a garter. And yet it played off and bounced and cracked, and made more sport than a fine work." Here one's heart, on the first blush, is with Goldsmith, as we remember successes of impertinent incoherence and painfully animated drivel, "the modern humour." But we must not be in too great a hurry to applaud the Chinese philosopher on his taste, or Goldsmith on his consistency as a foe of critics. For, while Goldsmith is denouncing the modern humour, he is really thinking of no less a masterpiece than the immortal "Tristram Shandy," then but newly come upon the town. This appears in a later essay, where he speaks of two modern figures of rhetoric not yet imported into China. One of these is "pertness," the other Goldsmith calls by a word which is out of polite usage now, and which we must indicate as more or less gay obscenity. By aid of this figure "a block-head often passes for a fellow of smart parts and pretensions." Not only do old gentlemen like the kind of book which Goldsmith attacks, but ladies like them. "The pretty innocents now carry those books openly in their hands, which formerly were hid under the cushion." Whose books? Alas! poor Yorick, the Oriental sage is hitting at those of the Rev. Laurence Sterne. "Though the successor of Dufrey does not excel him in wit, the world must confess he outdoes him in obscenity." He also excels in pertness: "He must speak of himself, and his chapters, and his manner, and what he would be at, and his own importance, and his mother's importance, with the most unpitiful prolixity; now and

then testifying his contempt for all but himself, smiling without a jest, and, without wit, possessing vivacity." All this, as Mr. Austin Dobson notes, is directed at the two first volumes of "Tristram Shandy." We blush for Dr. Goldsmith. This is he who, but a short while back, was writing about critics who "are in waiting to bid the public not to laugh at a single line of a new book, spirited or humorous, for themselves have read it, and they know what is most proper to excite laughter. . . . They calumniate, they injure, they despise, they ridicule each other. If one man writes a book that pleases, others shall write books to prove that he might have given still greater pleasure, or should not have pleased." Our preacher has suddenly become his own dreadful example, and, as usually chances when we are censorious, is doing the very thing which he blames in others. Surely it is the critic's affair to find and applaud merit, even more than to castigate faults. The merits of "Tristram Shandy" are as conspicuous as its sins are glaring. The pertness, the mechanical fun of dashes and blank leaves and pages of marbled paper, the crimes of smirking indecency and false sentiment are manifest enough: the modern humour is there—not a doubt of it; but the true wit and tenderness are there also, and are living still, though Sterne's peculiar form of modern humour is exploded. But for Uncle Toby and Mr. Shandy and Obadiah, and the immortal parish bull and Corporal Trim and the rest, Dr. Goldsmith, in his Chinese garb, has not a word of praise. The creator of Tony Lumpkin and Miss Skeggs, and Burchell and Moses and the Vicar, has no eyes for these persons' worthy contemporaries. Uncle Toby and Corporal Trim, and the rest of Sterne's people. Throughout the "Citizen of the World" Goldsmith is hinting dispraise of Sterne. It is true that Yorick was now very fashionable as well as very popular, was conspicuously reposing among the caresses of the great, and had far more invitations than he could accept. We know from Boswell that Goldsmith, though the kindest of men, was subject to little child-like storms of envy and self-importance, that he liked to be prominent, talking and talked about. Now, Sterne was very prominent, spoiled, flattered, surrounded by admiring ladies, and entertained by applauding earls. Perhaps this explains our critic's moral observations on pertness and indecency and his failure to notice anything better in "Tristram Shandy." He who was all for union and courtesy in the republic of letters turns round on his neighbour and throws stones into his garden as soon as the neighbour is successful. No doubt he believed himself to be honestly offended at Sterne's pertness, and deemed that he did well to be angry with Sterne's indecency. But it is clear that he was blind to Sterne's other qualities, as Richardson was blind to Fielding's. Thus, we are all more prejudiced than we suppose, and we may well reconsider our own unhesitating verdicts, asking ourselves whether it is the faults or the success that we dislike, and searching for merits which may accompany the faults and explain the success. There are, however, some books with which I confess that I feel it right to be angry; such books are—Here Sterne's dashes are convenient!

SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

BY DR. ANDREW WILSON.

I have been greatly interested by a story told in his "Novel Notes" in the November number of the *Idler* by Mr. Jerome K. Jerome. The tale is similar to one I have a distinct recollection of reading (in the *Hawk*, I think) a year or so ago, only the scene in the *Hawk* story was laid in Australia, while Mr. Jerome's narrative is localised in India. It may be interesting for Mr. Jerome to consult the file of the *Hawk* by way of noting the close similarity between his tale and that of the writer in that journal—presuming I am right as to the source of the story, and presuming also that Mr. Jerome himself was not the author of the tale of a year or so ago. The story is that of a lady who had a dread of snakes, which became the subject of a terrible experiment at the hands of a very unsympathetic husband—to use a very mild term indeed regarding that gentleman.

Riding out one day the husband shoots a python, a big non-venomous snake, as most people know. Taking the dead reptile, he places it in his smoking-room; and in an illustration in the *Idler* the dead reptile is figured dexterously arranged with its head on the couch—only the artist has sketched a cobra with its hood, and not a python, which is an artistic lapse of a kind not uncommon where natural history objects are dealt with. The husband sends his wife into the smoking-room for a book, his plan being that he will cure her once for all of her fear of snakes. Shriek after shriek is heard from the smoking-room, and then, "the rest is silence." When the husband went into the room to see how his "cure" had acted, he found his wife crushed into a shapeless mass by a live python, which had found its way into the room. The horror of the incident may be better imagined than described; the moral of the story being that a man's character may be utterly and suddenly altered by some sudden shock of the kind alluded to in the story.

Now, in addition to the incident that this story, graphically related by Mr. Jerome, has certainly been told before, I am interested in the narrative from a zoological standpoint. In the story, which, I think, appeared in the *Hawk*, the writer accounted for the presence of the second and living serpent on the theory that when a snake is killed its mate is impelled to seek out its friend's body, and, presumably from some idea of affection, to remain near the serpentine corpse. Mr. Jerome also indicates this idea in his story, by speaking of the living python which killed the lady as apparently the "comrade" of the dead snake. What I want to know is whether this idea of the comradeship of serpents is anything more than a theory of the novelist's own? Some of my readers in snake-ridden lands will perhaps send me any details they may know respecting this notion of the live snake seeking for its dead mate. If the idea is founded on fact, it will prove to be a somewhat singular item in the disposition of those cold-blooded animals, which, even as a naturalist, I confess I can neither see nor read about without feelings of the deepest interest, not unmingled with the horror one feels when looking on poisonous and uncanny things.

I observe that Professor S. G. Dixon has of late days been experimenting upon the manner in which the germs of tuberculosis are spread abroad by ladies' dresses. He had a dress dragged over the ground two or three times, and on a glass slide was able to show no fewer than seven tubercle bacilli, obtained, of course, from the dust and dirt swept up by the dress. The practical lesson taught by this fact seems to be that of showing how, when trailing skirts are brushed in our homes, the germs of disease or their spores get dissipated in the air, and thus placed in a position to infect those who are well. This is another and powerful argument against trailing skirts, the social enormities of which I have already descanted upon in these pages.

Surely sanitary science of a common-sense description travels very slowly indeed in some phases of London life. A paragraph before me details how application was lately made to the Consistory Court of London, held in St. Paul's Cathedral, for a faculty to authorise the removal of a large quantity of human remains from beneath the church of St. Mary Woolchurch Haw, Lombard Street. It appears the rector of the church said that often the congregation had been startled during service by the crashing of leaden through wooden coffins which had gone to decay. The state of the church in warm weather was described as "pestilential." Several church officials had died presumably from inhaling the effluvia of the corrupting mass, and the rector himself had suffered from sore throat induced by the same cause. Large sums of money had been spent on the vaults without result. Hermetically sealing the vaults was found to be a process without avail in abolishing the nuisance. The vestry now desired to remove the remains—those of over 2000 bodies—and the Chancellor of London, Dr. Tristram, Q.C., at once made the necessary order.

If anything can forward the cause of cremation as the only satisfactory way of disposing of the dead, consistently with the health of the living, surely such a state of matters as that just described may be regarded as a powerful argument for the adoption of this newest and best mode of sanitary "burial." For how many deaths from blood-poisoning, all unsuspected as to its source, the pestilential air of this church has been responsible nobody can tell. The known fatal results can bear only a very narrow proportion to the unknown fatalities; and this plague was allowed to continue for years and years in the very midst of our nineteenth-century civilisation, when, at the very least, we are supposed to be on the alert in matters referring to our physical safety! To try to keep cholera out of the land, when we have pestilential vaults at our doors forming the foundations of the churches in which we pray for physical blessings, is nothing short of scientific and social idiocy. I only trust the case of St. Mary Woolchurch Haw will direct attention to other and possible sources of contamination from ancient vaults crowded with the festering remnants of decomposing and deceased mortality.

Two incidents are deserving of mention in this column by way of close to this week's "Jottings." First and foremost comes the announcement that the examination of the brain of Mr. George Grote, the historian, by Professor J. Marshall, reveals a general richness of convolutions or folds, and of grey matter, showing the brain to have had a very high organisation. The grey matter, my readers will bear in mind, is composed of nerve-cells, and is, fundamentally, the all-important part of one's brain, whereof the frontal or forehead lobes are certainly the regions by which intellect and mind are exercised. The second incident is the discovery of an electrical cat. The cat, called "Michon," is half wild, belongs to Dame Gais, of the Carnier Mount, near Monte Carlo. It gives off countless bluish sparks with every movement of its body, and stroking it increases the electrical display. This feline curiosity should certainly be carefully and accurately examined.

CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Communications for this department should be addressed to the Chess Editor.

E. J. WINTER WOOD.—Thanks for communication, which want of space compels us to abbreviate.

R. KELLY (of Kelly).—After Black plays 1. R to Kt sq, White may continue K to K 4th, Kt takes P at Kt 3rd, or Kt to Q B 4th, in either case mating next move. Again, if Black plays 1. B to Kt 5th; 2. Kt takes B or Kt to Q B 4th is equally effective.

B. W. LA MOTHE (New York).—Your problem in three moves marked with a cross can be solved by K to Kt 7th, and N to 5 is also wrong. 1. Q to Q 6th, B to K 3th; 2. Q to Q sq, B to Kt 7th; 3. R (disch) and mate.

W. PERCY HIND.—Your two-move problem is marked for insertion.

G. H. ANSELL.—Your contribution is accepted.

G. DOUGLAS ANGUS.—Your problem is correct, but too easy for publication.

C. BRUNETT (Biggleswade).—We have two problems of yours on hand; but as neither is accompanied by a solution we cannot examine them.

JOSE SYDER (Parada de Gonta).—The Pawn on reaching the eighth square can become any piece that may be claimed. In this case it becomes Knight, and mates on the move.

A. H. B.—Pawn becomes a Queen.

F. A. HOLWAY.—One of your contributions shall appear at no distant date.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM NO. 2526 received from Fritz Kan (Potchefstroom); of No. 2527 from G. H. B. (Barkly East); of No. 2528 from G. H. B. and P. V. (Trinidad); of No. 2529 from B. I. Cumberland (Durban), G. H. B. and P. V.; of No. 2530 from P. V. (Trinidad); of No. 2531 from S. D. Hill (Indian Orchard, Mass.); and P. V.; of No. 2532 from F. A. Holway (Grand Rapids, Mich.) and Jose Syder (Parada de Gonta); of No. 2533 from B. W. La Mothe (New York), E. G. Boys, Captain J. A. Chulice (Great Yarmouth), Shadforth, W. C. G. and T. Roberts; of No. 2534 from W. C. G. N. Wolf (Grodno), David Miller (Penzance), W. A. Phillips, Emile Frau (Lyons), and E. G. Boys; of No. 2535 from Walter W. Hooper (Plymouth), Sorrento (Dawlish), E. G. Boys, M. Myers, John M. Robert (Crossgar), Jose Syder, A. H. B., S. H. Nathan, Thomas T. Blythe, N. Wolf (Grodno), Howich, L. Schlu (Vienna), R. Greening, Captain J. A. Challice, and H. W. Reynolds (Swindon).

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM NO. 2536 received from T. Roberts, Blair H. Cuchane (Clever), L. Desanges, Howich, J. Coad, E. G. Boys, J. W. Blazie, W. Guy, jun. (Johnstone), E. H. H. Julia Short (Exeter), W. R. B. (Plymouth), E. H. Winfield, H. B. Harford, Bluet, Admiral Brandreth, M. A. Eyre (Folkestone), E. Louden, Martin P. A. T. Froggatt (Kilkenny), T. T. Blythe, Charles Burnett, C. M. A. B. J. W. Myers, Mrs. Wilson (Plymouth), Odham Club, J. C. Ireland, L. Schlu, G. T. Hughes (Athy), Abberton, S. H. Nathan, Sorrento (Dawlish), J. B. S. Barratt, Er Fernando (Glasgow), Joseph T. Pullen (Launceston), Thomas Butcher (Cheltenham), F. J. Knight, D. W. Cartan, R. Worters (Canterbury), W. David (Cardiff), M. Sharpe, T. S. (South Yardley), Dr. L. Morgan, Walter C. Bennett (Clever), Rev. A. Dixon (Salford), H. W. Reynolds, A. Newman, FitzWarren, Joseph Willcock (Chester), Victoria, Aziz y de Frago, Dawn, R. H. Brooks, Dr. F. St. J. Hall, J. Dixon, H. S. Brandreth, J. S. Mallow, Strlings (Ramsgate), John Hodgson (Maidstone), J. F. Moon, A. Buckiaw, Shadforth, Hereward, R. S. Stewart, M. D. M. Burke, W. J. Bee, Columbus, T. G. (Ware), David Miller, Emile Frau, W. A. Phillips, W. R. Rallem, Mrs. Kelly (of Kelly), C. E. Perugini, Walter W. Hooper, W. C. G. George Belslaw, Woodlice (Glasgow), J. Jacobs, R. Greening, P. Hatchard, and T. H. Gilliam (Brighton).

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM NO. 2534.—By E. J. WINTER WOOD.

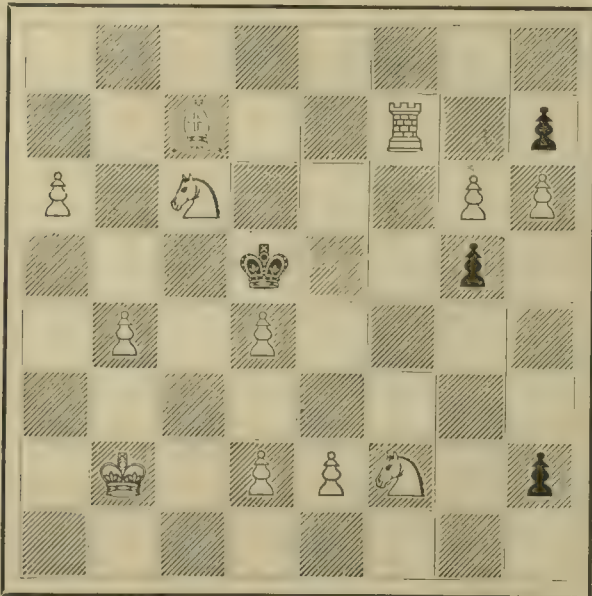
WHITE.
1. Q to R 8th
2. Mates accordingly.

BLACK:
Any move.

PROBLEM NO. 2538.

By DR. F. STEINGASS.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in three moves.

CHESS IN NEW YORK.

Game played between Dr. C. ISAACSON and Mr. E. LASKER.

(Gioco Piano.)

WHITE (Dr. I.)	BLACK (Mr. L.)	WHITE (Dr. I.)	BLACK (Mr. L.)
1. P to K 4th	P to K 4th	19. Q R to Q sq	P to B 3rd
2. K Kt to B 3rd	Q Kt to B 3rd	20. P to Kt 3rd	Q R to Q sq
3. B to B 4th	B to B 4th	21. P to B 3rd	
4. P to B 3rd	Kt to B 3rd		
5. P to Q 3rd	Castles		
6. Q B to Kt 5th	B to K 2nd		
7. B takes Kt	B takes B		
8. Q Kt to Q 2nd	Kt to K 2nd		
9. Kt to B sq	P to Q 3rd		
10. P to Q 4th			
This premature advance is weak. It was far preferable to play first Kt to K 3rd, followed by Castles.			
11. Kt takes P	P takes P		
12. P takes P	P to Q 4th		
13. Kt to K Kt 3rd	R to K sq (ch)		
14. Kt (Q 4th) to K 2nd	B to K 3rd		
15. Castles	Kt takes P		
Highly ingenious and, needless to say, sound. If Q takes Q, Kt takes Kt (ch); or 16. P takes Kt, B takes B, &c.			
16. Q to Kt 3rd	B takes B		
17. Q takes B	Q to Q 4th		
The direct and best method of winning, with a Pawn to the good.			
18. Q takes Q	Kt takes Q		

A chess club has been started at Fulham, and will meet in the Moore Park Grammar School, kindly lent by the principal for its use. A successful start has been made, and it is hoped that the new club will have a prosperous career.

A match took place on Saturday, Nov. 12, between the Louth Chess Club and the Hull United Liberal Chess Club at the hall of the former town. After an interesting contest the result proved a tie, each side scoring eight.

The Metropolitan Chess Club has removed to the Chesterfield Café, 96, Great Tower Street. It is expected that members will find greater comfort, more accommodation, and room to play 100 boards.

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ART NOTES.

The ninth exhibition of the New English Art Club, now open at the Dudley Gallery, Piccadilly, contains a higher average than usual of pictures which will appeal to visitors of ordinary art training and taste. Not a few of the artists who have been accustomed to find in this club the only proper appreciation of their ambition have discovered that the public prefers a knowledge of drawing and a certain respect for those principles on which the artist's claims to distinction have hitherto rested. The *illuminati* have, of course, protested vehemently against this sordid appreciation of the painter's method, and have claimed that it is not by results but by intentions that their works were to be judged. Mr. Wilson Steer is a curious instance of a painter who halts between two opinions. Nothing could be more conformable to ordinary rules than his charming figure of the young girl in a blaze of blue (60), seated in an easy, graceful pose, with her hands clasped across her knees; and, at the same time, nothing could be more like a parody of nature than the children on "Boulogne Sands" (8), with their gay dresses hung upon attenuated limbs. Again, Mr. Walter Sickert, in his powerful portrait of Mr. G. J. Holyoake (63), makes concessions to our unregenerate nature, which he denies us in his brilliantly coloured portrait of Miss Minnie Cunningham, or in his *bravura* "Study of Expression" (43), which may possibly be that of disgust on the part of the sitter at the way in which her face has been blackened. His brother, Mr. Bernhard Sickert, is apparently more conciliatory, for his "Evening in Spring" (87) and figure subject, "Katie" (70), show great delicacy of touch and much feeling for nature.

But the chief attractions of New English Art are to be found among its least extreme exponents: Mr. J. S. Sargent's portrait of Miss Duncomb in white satin, and of M. and Madame Hellen seated on a riverside among the high grass; Mr. Mark Fisher's "Village Street" (65) and "Summer Afternoon" (42) in the meadows; Mr. Buxton Knight's "Calling the Cattle Home" (44) in the gloaming and "Haymaking Meadows" (110); and, more than all, Mr. Moffatt Lindner's "Lingering Light" (111), in which the clouds have just caught the colours of the far setting sun, and glow over the misty landscape in truthful beauty. In connection with this school of painting, the work of Mr. William H. Bell—"Wimbledon Common" (20)—deserves especial notice. The evening gloom has just settled over the landscape, of which, however, the general features and stones are still discernible. In the sky the failing light still lingers on a few light fleecy clouds, not altogether untinged by the smokiness of the atmosphere, which makes the sunset views on Wimbledon Common so rich and striking. Mr. Bell is a disciple rather than a pupil of Mr. Whistler, and must be commended for having learnt so early some of his master's best qualities. M. Baldry's "October" (5), Mr. Fred Brown's "Between the Showers" (53), Mr. Francis Bates's "Rain in the Heavens and Geese in the Pond" (51), M. J. Blanche's "Lucy and Trixy" (75), Miss Dora Noyes's "Study of a Head" (62), and Miss A. Holland's "Window" (102) are all works of distinct merit. Among the water colours and black-and-white works, Mr. Ruskin's "Dawn at Coniston" (32), painted some twenty years ago, deserves the first place, but for reasons which one would scarcely have thought acceptable at the New English Art Club; Mr. D. S. MacColl's clever scene of a "Donkey Race" (37), conveying a distinct idea of broken movement, being more in accordance with its aims. Mr. George Clausen's "Stake" (25) and "Hatches Farm" (30) are delightful bits of country life, while M. Hellen's "Types of Parisian Women" are clever specimens of dry-point etching.

It is the good fortune of Mr. Marcus Stone that his work, as a rule, suffers little by reproduction, and consequently he has, perhaps, obtained a far wider reputation than many artists whose paintings attract keener criticism. The prettily arranged picture, "In the Shade," which was noticed when it was exhibited recently at Burlington House, has now been reproduced by photogravure (Messrs. Clifford and Son, Piccadilly), a process which admirably suits the delicate lines and texture of the work. The story is an old one, but Mr. Marcus Stone has treated it with a certain novelty and enhanced its tragi-comedy by all the bright accessories of last-century costume and the surroundings of an old English garden. The poor damsel, who is "In the Shade," not as regards the light of day, evidently did not anticipate the arrival of a third person to break the harmony of the duet, for whom the tea-things had been laid under the shade of the old beech-tree. One feels, however, that her desertion is only temporary, and that we may confidently expect to meet her again under the artist's protection "In the Sunshine."

The practice of "touching up" photographs is too widely spread and too generally recognised for any plea on behalf of untouched prints to be accepted except by the sternest purists. Professional photographers, especially those who earn their living by portraiture, have to please their patrons, and especially their patronesses, and a "good" likeness is generally a flattering one. But the ordinary method of touching up the negative is at the best unsatisfactory and unscientific. Mr. H. Van der Weyde seems to have realised this fact, while recognising the difficulties of giving proper proportions to all the features and limbs of the sitter. He has therefore constructed an instrument to which he gives the name of the "Photo-corrector," the object of which is to regulate and correct the various proportions of the body, irrespective of the pose which the sitter may select. The result is that while the actual likeness is faithfully preserved, the hands and other parts of the body which are distorted by the ordinary process of photography are at once brought into harmony with the face and the rest of the figure. The interesting side of this discovery is that by means of an arrangement of the lenses the whole body is at once brought into the same focus, and the points nearer to the camera are kept in proper abeyance with due regard to the entire figure. The portrait thus becomes truthful and truly artistic without being merely flattering or complimentary.

James Caspar Clutterbuck, formerly a clergyman and Inspector of Poor Law Schools, who last year was sentenced to four years' penal servitude for defrauding several persons of £16,000, died on Nov. 18 at the Portland convict establishment. He was fifty-five years of age.

At the Northampton Assizes, on Nov. 18, Mr. Justice Kennedy fined a juryman £50 for going to his own house during an adjournment of the Court for one hour, and set aside the verdict of the jury in that case, which was a trial for murder. There is to be a new trial at the next assizes.

The coroner's inquest, at Thirsk, on the death of passengers in the night express train from Edinburgh to London, who were killed by the collision with a goods train standing at the Manor House station on Nov. 2, was concluded on Nov. 18, and James Holmes, the signalman who fell asleep, was committed to take his trial for manslaughter.

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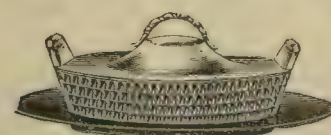
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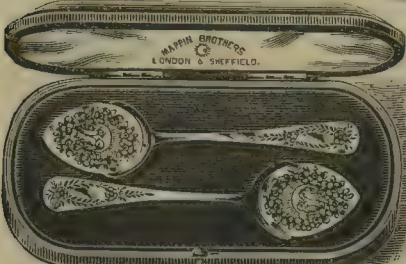
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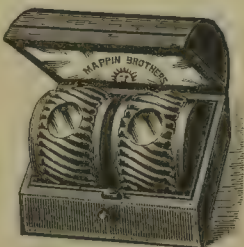
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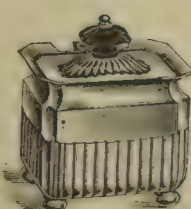
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THE LADIES' COLUMN.

BY MRS. FENWICK-MILLER.

There are infinitely various ways of doing good work for others—no one need be at a loss to find some task that stands ready for willing hands, some field ripe to the harvest waiting for the reapers. Here are two novel suggestions of charity to add to the many that already existed. One, the Home for Rest for the Dying, which the kindly Duchess of Teck has patronised, is so evidently needed a charity that it is a wonder that the benevolent effort has only just been carried into operation. The hospital authorities do not keep patients that are sure to die if they can avoid it; very rightly so, for these institutions are designed to cure disease, and the occupancy of the beds by the incurable is an interruption to the legitimate office of the institution. Yet, think of the horror of the situation of one who is friendless, and sick unto death, and poor, and who has no refuge for the last drooping hours of life! The Home for Incurables is, of course, a different thing: it is for those who may live, though in suffering, for many years, while the new charity is for those to whom the end is surely approaching near. The foundress, Miss Davidson, has adopted the curious plan on which Mr. Muller, of Bristol, has so long carried on his orphanage—never to appeal for public support or to advertise the work, but to wait in silence and trust in Providence, and employ only such means as may be so sent. Miss Davidson has means of her own which she devotes to the home, as far as they go; and what responsibility she takes over and above that depends on the funds supplied.

Not all whose hearts are ready to help others have any money to give to such charities as this; but such as are poor in silver and gold may find something to do like the other novel scheme of charity to which I refer. The Guardians of Lambeth are appealing for one or two voluntary readers who will go to the workhouse at suitable hours and read amusing books to the poor aged people who are confined to the house. None of the old folks go out very often; some of them cannot leave the building at all, being too old or feeble to walk; and many of them are too tired or too blind to read for themselves. To sit in the ward and listen to good (not "goody," mind!) literature of a sort suited to their education and years would assuredly be a treat to many of these. No doubt the Lambeth Guardians, who have thought of the kindly scheme, are supplied with their voluntary readers as I write these lines; but there are numerous other workhouses in which some of my readers may carry the idea into practice. What book would you choose, now?

Manchester cab-owners have adopted the plan of having in each cab an instrument to record the exact distance travelled. When the fare enters the index is set at zero, and then it marks each revolution of the wheel. If London cabmen had a correct knowledge of the number of ladies who do not take cabs simply and entirely for fear of a dispute as to the fare at the end of the ride, they would see it to be to their real interest to follow this plan everywhere. Such an experience as that of the Duchess of Manchester, which has just ended in her Grace being plunged in a libel suit, is a common one to ladies. The Duchess took a cab, which she occupied for a few minutes, and, on alighting, she gave the man a shilling, on which he abused her in the street, till, to end this, she gave him sixpence more. The Duchess then wrote to the cabowner to report the incident. As, however, she made a mistake in the number, the man whose number she incorrectly gave sued her for libel, and got five pounds damages.

Many ladies, like the Duchess, are intimidated by the noisy abuse of cabmen into paying more than the legal fare. Few take any further steps about the incident, but they avoid hiring cabs whenever they can possibly do without them. This is obviously not to the advantage of the cabmen, who hang about waiting in vain for the fares they might have had.

It is customary to sympathise largely with the cabman who demands more than his legal fare. In some instances, indeed, the legal fare is not a suitable payment—as, for instance, late at night, or when the road covered is near the verge of the next higher mileage, or when the cab is taken far out of the centre of affairs, involving a probable long back journey for the man without a fare. In these cases, the sense of justice demands more than the legal claim being voluntarily given. But in ordinary cases why should we pay more than the agreed price for a service? If one buys a pennyworth of pins, the shopman hands over the pins that are valued at a penny, and does not expect to receive three-halfpence. If the legal cabrate of payments is, in point of fact, insufficient, let it be raised. But the extreme inconvenience of being expected to make an addition of some unfixed sum to a fixed tariff (for it often happens that ladies are abused by cabmen even after considerably more than the legal fare has been tendered) is so great that all ladies will bear me out in saying that this liability alone often prevents them from taking cabs for short journeys or when they can possibly dispense with a ride. If cabmen could be induced to have the distance recorded correctly in the cabs, and to make a self-denying ordinance on the subject of abusing timid-looking or elderly gentlewomen who give them only the legal fare, they would be surprised to see how many more rides such ladies would take; and, if the legal fare is too low to be worth acceptance, let them say as much frankly, and get it raised.

Mrs. John Wood, with her trim figure and her abounding energy and inexhaustible spirits, has so accustomed us to look to her for elegance and smartness as well as for fun, that it was a downright shock to see her in her new play at the Criterion, "made up" as so very old a woman as it is surely unfit to present on the stage at all. The last sad days of human decay may, indeed, be venerable from wisdom or goodness; but when senile decrepitude is combined with foolish and vulgar conduct the spectacle is simply revolting. At all events, to dress and make up as a woman of eighty, unable to move from her bath-chair, deprives Mrs. John Wood of the chance of doing what she has always done so well—wearing the smartest and most tasteful illustrations of the moment's fashion, in the most elegant and dashing manner. The only gown worth notice in "The Old Lady" is the one worn by Miss Rosina Fillippi as the adventuress. It is a very good one indeed—one of Russell and Allen's creations, and of their best and newest style. It is a visiting dress; the long trained skirt is an orange brocade, the leaves in satin on a ribbed silk ground. This is trimmed with jet all round the foot. The bodice is a long basque Russian coat of black satin, lined through with blue silk; it is gathered in at the back of the waist, under a band of Russian embroidery, and falls open in front to show a full vest of orange satin, which is also held in to the waist line by a deep band of embroidery. At the throat, big revers of the satin turn back, and are faced with yellow brocade, with a narrow line of the blue silk lining of the coat just showing between the black and yellow where they join. A jabot of orange lisse at the throat finishes off the coat. It is, indeed, a splendid garment. Miss Ellis Jeffreys has a pretty girl's frock of heliotrope poplin, with a frill over the shoulders, and a

high-shaped waistbelt, both of the same, and white guipure lace forming a kind of vest, back and front, above the belt and between the frills.

An unusually interesting bazaar is being held at Glasgow to complete the endowment fund of Queen Margaret College, which is henceforth to be the women's department of the old University. It makes us envy our Scotch sisters to hear that the college has in operation faculties of art, medicine, and science, with graduation after the ordinary examinations and with full degrees from the University in each department; and that the endowment fund stands already at £18,000, to which it is now hoped to add £10,000 more.

At the village of Almondsbury, near Bristol, Mr. Sholto Vere Hare, of Clifton, has erected, in memory of his late wife, a fine building, which was opened by the Duchess of Rutland on Nov. 16, for a village hospital, reading-rooms, coffee-rooms, and recreation for people of all classes.

A singular accident, costing two lives, occurred in Belfast Lough, in the dark hours of early morning, on Nov. 18. A steamer from Bristol came into collision with a temporary lighthouse in the Victoria Channel and knocked it down. The inmates were Cook, the lighthouse-keeper, and three little boys, his sons. Cook and his youngest child, six years old, were killed.

We have received from Messrs. Parkins and Gatto, of Oxford Street, a variety of Christmas "greeting cards," with printed names and addresses—a kind which seems to have become more and more general as a means of recognising our friends. Many of these "greeting cards" are very pretty and original.

We have received from Messrs. C. Letts and Co., 3, Royal Exchange, and Messrs. De la Rue and Co., Bunhill Row, a large variety of diaries, both private and commercial, which serve to remind us that we are speedily to enter upon another year. Here are books indeed for the makers of good resolutions, which resolutions may, if needful, be enshrined in the most elaborate red-and-gilt edges in the most artistic hand-painted covers, or in the most delicious of Russia leather for the pocket. The finish of these diaries seems to improve year by year.

The election petition against the return of the Right Hon. A. J. Balfour as M.P. for the Eastern Division of Manchester has been tried by Mr. Justice Cave and Mr. Justice Williams at the Manchester Assize Courts. It ended, on Nov. 17, by Mr. Justice Cave pronouncing judgment dismissing the petition which had been preferred by Professor Munro, the Gladstonian candidate. The Judges found that no persons were proved to have been guilty of any corrupt or illegal practices. The principal witness in support of the charges was a person named Green, who was to be paid £200 for his evidence, and the Judges were of opinion that the greater portion of his evidence was false. Twenty-two persons had been scheduled as guilty of bribery, and not a single particle of evidence was offered against any one of them. There were forty-two charges of treating: in only five cases was any evidence presented, and that was for the most part denied by several witnesses. Some "promiscuous" treating by one agent had taken place, but it was not "corrupt" treating. The petitioner has to pay costs. The election of Mr. Frank James, for Walsall, has been set aside, on the ground that his supporters illegally furnished some voters with badges and cockades; no corruption was proved.

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(Which act by Inhalation and Absorption DIRECTLY upon the Respiratory Organs)

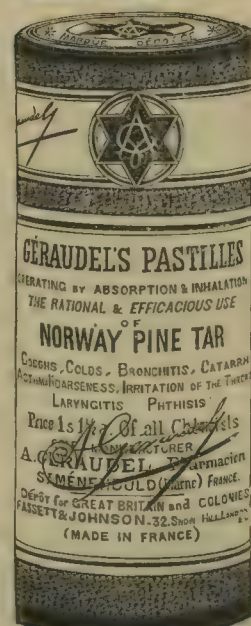
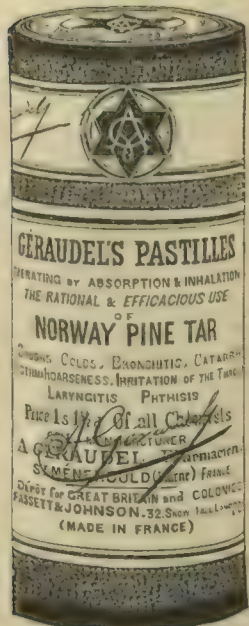
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THEIR EFFECT IS INSTANTANEOUS.

GÉRAUDEL'S PASTILLES are most agreeable to the taste, and contain the purest essence of Norway Pine Tar, which has attained greater success in bronchial and catarrhal affections than any other substance or drug hitherto employed. They contain no narcotic or other injurious drug, and, unlike numerous other cough remedies, are not required by the recent Act of Parliament to bear the label "Poison." They are entirely harmless, and can be used by old and young without danger. They are most agreeable to the taste, and can be used at all hours, before or after meals, without the slightest inconvenience.



Slowly dissolved in the mouth, they give off a soothing, refreshing, and healing vapour of Pine Tar, which is thus breathed into the bronchia and lungs upon the very seat of disease, affording immediate relief, and effecting a gradual and lasting cure. Owing to their direct action upon the bronchial tubes and lungs, they are infinitely superior to all other remedial agents.

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Mr. J. H. HEATHMAN, Endell Street and Wilson Street, London, W.C., Expert Fire and Hydraulic Engineer, writes—

"Aug. 27, 1890.

"For many years past I have used your Embrocation to cure rheumatism, colds, and sprains, and always with very satisfactory results.

"I have frequently advised firemen and others to try it, and know many instances of relief through its application.

"There are many like myself who are liable to get a soaking at fire-engine trials and actual fires, and the knowledge of the value of your Embrocation will save them much pain and inconvenience if they apply the remedy with promptitude.

"An illustration: On Monday last I got wet, and had to travel home by rail. On Tuesday I had rheumatism in my legs and ankles, and well rubbed my legs and feet with your Embrocation. On Wednesday (to-day) I am well again, and the cost of the cure has been eightpence, as the bottle is not empty. This, therefore, is an inexpensive remedy."

ADVANTAGES OF PLENTY OF FRICTION.

Mr. PETER GEO. WRIGHT, Heath Town, Wolverhampton, Staffordshire, writes—

"Jan. 7, 1890.

"On Nov. 8 last year I was taken with a great pain and swelling in my left foot; in the night it was so painful I could not sleep, and in the morning I got downstairs on my hands and knees, so I had to sit in a chair all day. On the Friday about seven o'clock my weekly paper came, the *Sheffield Telegraph*. I saw your advertisement for the Universal Embrocation, and sent 1½ miles for a small bottle. I commenced to give my foot a good rubbing, and I soon found relief. I rubbed it ten times that evening, and four times in the night. Saturday morning came: I could not go to market, so I set to work again with your Embrocation, and soon found that I could walk. I gave it a good rubbing every half-hour until five o'clock, when I put my boots on and walked four miles, and on Tuesday I walked six miles. I have never felt it since, and I shall always keep some in the house."

LUMBAGO.

From a Justice of the Peace.

"About a fortnight ago a friend advised me to try your Embrocation, and its effect has been magical."

FOOTBALL.

Forfar Athletic Football Club. "Given entire satisfaction to all who have used it."

STRENGTHENS the MUSCLES.

From "Victorina," "The Strongest Lady in the World." "It not only relieves pain, but it strengthens the nerves and muscles."

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A Blackheath Harrier writes—"Draw attention to the benefit to be derived from using Elliman's Embrocation after cross-country running in the winter months."

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From a Clergyman.

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CRAMP.

CHAS. S. AGAR, Esq., Forres Estate, Maskellya, Ceylon, writes—

"The coolies suffer much from carrying heavy loads long distances, and they get cramp in the muscles, which, when well rubbed with your Embrocation, is relieved at once."

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"After exercise it is invaluable for dispersing stiffness and aches. No athlete or cross-country runner should be without it."

ACCIDENT.

From the Jackley Wonders, Oxford Music Hall, London.

"I was recommended by my friend 'Victorina' your Embrocation, and by using it for two days I was enabled to resume my duties."

CYCLING.

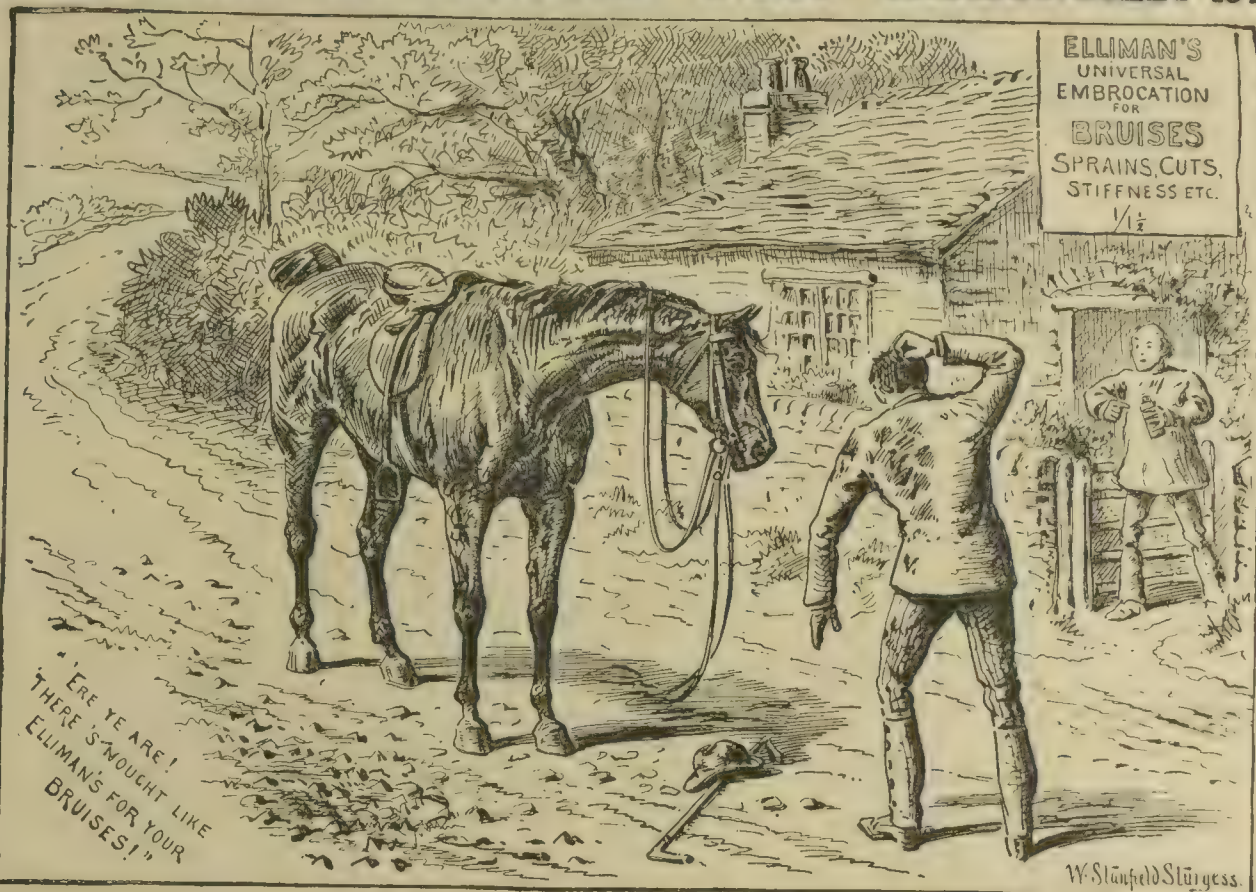
From L. FABRELLAS, St. Sebastian, Spain.

"I am a member of a cycling club here, and can testify to the excellent results to be obtained by using your Universal Embrocation."

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From A. BARTON, Esq., The Ferns, Romford.

"I write to say that had it not been for Elliman's Embrocation I should have remained a cripple up to the present moment."



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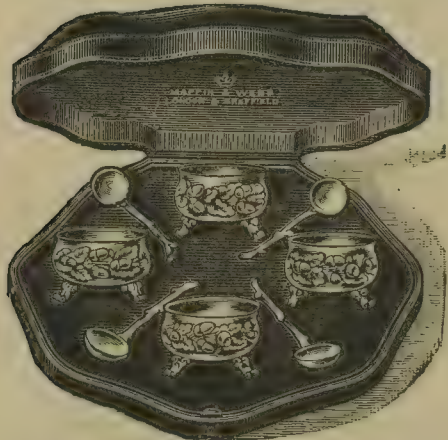
"And it I will have, or I will have none."

Mappin & Webb's

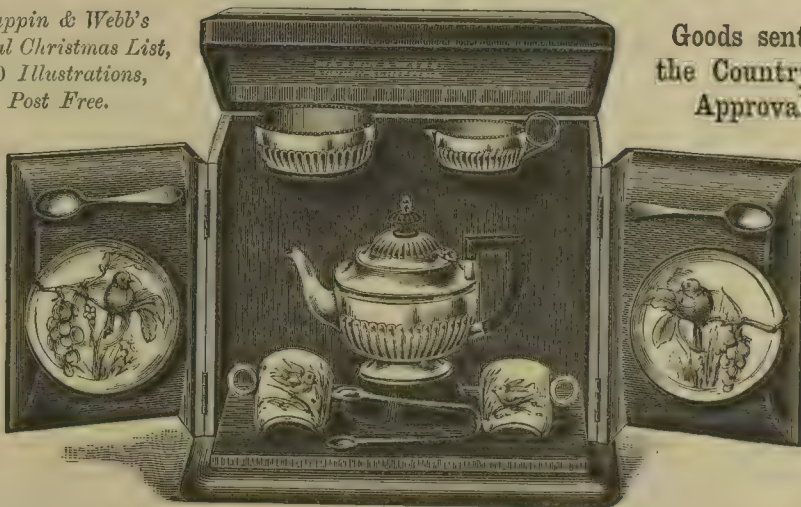
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Four Chased Sterling Silver "Acorn" Salts and Spoons, in rich Morocco Case, lined Silk, £3 15s. Six in Case, £5 15s.



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Teapot only .. 5 5 .. 1 11 6
Sugar Basin and Tongs .. 1 15 .. 0 10 6
Cream Jug .. 1 5 .. 0 10 6



Two Sterling Silver Escalloped Butter Shells and Two Knives. In Morocco Case, lined Silk and Velvet .. £1 5s. One Shell and Knife, in Case .. £2 5s.



Pair of Game Carvers, pair of Meat Carvers, and Steel, in Morocco Leather Case, best African Ivory Handles, with richly chased Sterling Silver Caps, and finest Shear Steel, £4 10s. The same, without Game Carvers, £3.



Oval Serviette Rings, in Sterling Silver Gilt, richly Engraved and Pierced, complete, in Case, £2 10s.



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WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will (dated Nov. 12, 1888), with four codicils, of Dame Lillias Stuart Fisher, widow of Sir John William Fisher, M.D., late of 33, Park Lane, Grosvenor Gate, who died on Sept. 12, was proved on Nov. 10 by John Matheson Macdonald, Joseph Keech Aston, and Mrs. Louise Frances Mackenzie, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £94,000. The testatrix bequeaths £500 to Westminster Hospital; £23,000, upon trust, for her sister Mrs. Eliza Crowe Mackenzie, for life, and then for her nephew John Colville Alexander Grunard Mackenzie; £10,000 to her said nephew; £10,000, upon trust, for her nephew Stuart Kelso Grame Mackenzie; £10,000, upon trust, for her niece Lillias Marion Louise Mackenzie; £5,000, upon trust, for her niece Sybil Constance Alexandra Mackenzie; £3,000 to her sister Mrs. Staples; and numerous and considerable pecuniary legacies and specific legacies of plate and jewellery to relatives and others. The residue of her property she gives to her said four nephews and nieces.

The will (dated Nov. 2, 1891), with a codicil (dated March 15, 1892), of Mr. Henry Akroyd, J.P., late of Holmwood, near Shiplake, Oxfordshire, who died on Sept. 8, was proved on Nov. 11 by Charles Henry Akroyd, the son, and Lieutenant-Colonel Samuel Parr Lynes, R.A., two of the executors, the value of the personal estate in the United Kingdom amounting to upwards of £246,000. The testator bequeaths £6,000 to his said son; £1,500 to his daughter Mary Elizabeth Akroyd; £1,000 to his daughter Mrs. Florence Lynes; and £100 each to his butler, head gardener, and bailiff. His residence, Holmwood, with all the furniture, plate, pictures, books, musical instruments, wines, household stores and effects, horses, carriages, and live and dead farming and gardening stock, he gives to his daughter Mary Elizabeth while she remains a spinster and chooses to reside there, and then to his daughter Mrs. Lynes. As to the residue of his real and personal estate, including his property in Ceylon or elsewhere out of England, he leaves one third each to his son and daughter, Charles Henry and Florence; and one third, upon trust, to pay £10,000 to his daughter Mary Elizabeth, and to hold the remainder for her for life, and then for his son and daughter Charles Henry and Florence.

The will (dated May 30, 1892), with a codicil (dated

July 28 following), of Mr. George Holloway, J.P., late of Farmhill, Stroud, Gloucestershire, who died on Aug. 20, was proved on Nov. 11 by Mrs. Ann Holloway, the widow, Sir John Edward Dorington, Bart., John Cotterel Strudwick, and Mark Bell Marshall, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £168,000. The testator gives £500 to the Stroud Hospital; £1,000 and an annuity of £3,000 to his wife; his residence, Farmhill, with the indoor and outdoor effects, to his wife, for life; an annuity of £1,000 to each of his daughters, Miss Fanny Holloway and Mrs. Emma Matthews; and legacies to relatives and others. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves, upon trust, for his grandson, George Arthur Augustus Matthews, as and when he shall attain the age of twenty-five years, but, if he shall die under that age, to pay the income to his wife for life, and at her death, as to the capital and income, for his said two daughters equally.

The will (dated March 4, 1879), with two codicils (dated May 9, 1890, and May 18, 1892), of the Hon. Ralph Heneage Dutton, J.P., D.L., late of Timsbury Manor, near Romsey, Hants, who died on Oct. 8, was proved on Nov. 14 by the Hon. Horace Curzon Plunkett, the nephew, and the Hon. John William Mansfield, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £110,000. The testator gives £1,000, all his debentures and stocks whatsoever in the Great Western Railway, and all his plate, pictures, books, furniture, effects, horses and carriages, to his wife, the Hon. Mrs. Isabella Dutton; £1,000 to Miss Janet Merriman; £1,250 to his butler, Henry Rowledge; and legacies to other of his servants, gamekeeper, woodmen, and others. The residue of his property he leaves to his daughter, Dame Isabella Mary Simeon.

The will (dated July 20, 1892) of Mr. John Mortimer Davis, late of 3, Stone Buildings, Lincoln's Inn, and of 27, Queen's Gardens, Hyde Park, barrister-at-law, who died on Oct. 1 at Edinburgh, was proved on Nov. 11 by Richard Walter Tweedie, John Mott Maidlow, and Louis George Leverson, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £93,000. The testator bequeaths £200 to each of his executors; £10,000 to Miss Nellie Kauffmann; and £1,000 to Mrs. Marguerite Thomas. As to the residue of his real and personal estate, he gives one third to the said Miss Nellie Kauffmann, and two thirds between his step-brother and step-sisters, Henry Mègret, Anita Home

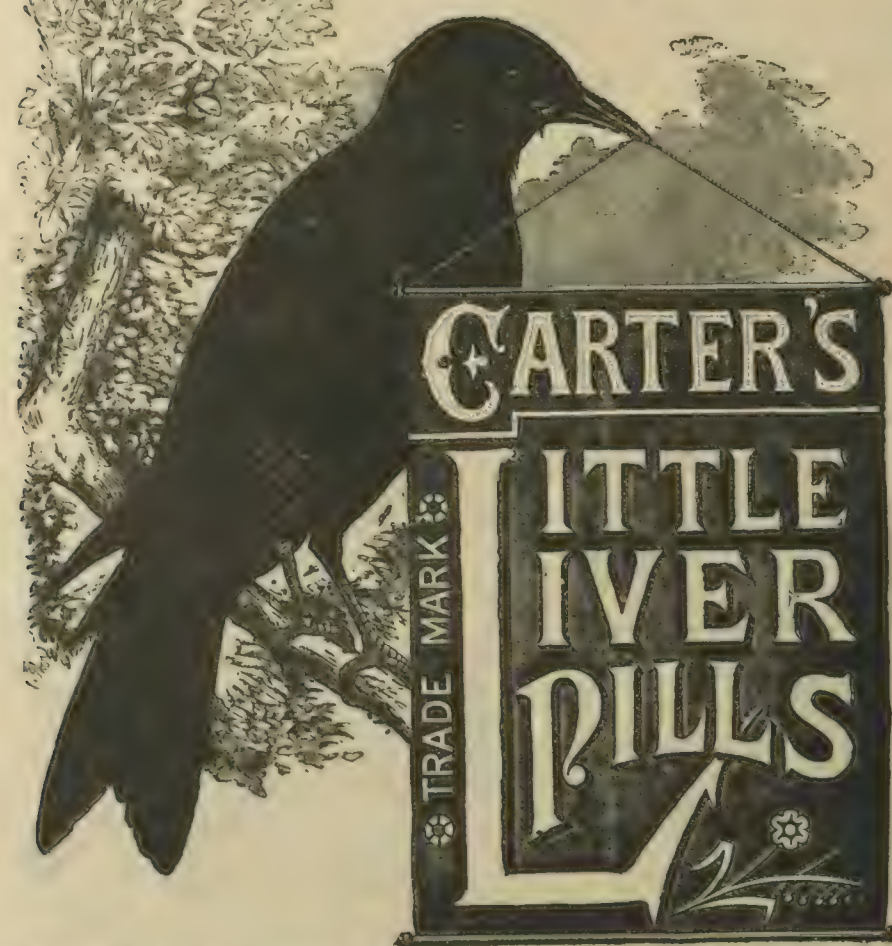
Douglas, Blanche Mègret, and Constance Mègret, in equal shares.

The will and codicil of Mr. Francis Stanley Maxwell Stephens, late of 13, Wilton Place, Belgrave Square, who died on Oct. 25, were proved on Nov. 12 by Charles Gwilt and Charles Evelyn Gwilt, the acting executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £30,000. The testator, after bequeathing a legacy to each of his above-named executors and a legacy, together with a life annuity, to an old family servant, gives the entire residue of his property to his brother, Major-General Adolphus H. Stephens, C.B.

The will (dated April 6, 1892) of Miss Sophia Dumaresq, late of Cumberland Place, Southampton, who died on Oct. 24, was proved on Nov. 12 by the Rev. Alfred Hall Ellaby, Robert Chatfield Hankinson, and Miss Anna Jane de Sainte Croix, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £28,000. The testatrix bequeaths £300 to the Jersey National and St. Helier's Parochial School; £200 each to the Southampton Dispensary and the Royal South Hants Infirmary; £500 to the rector and churchwardens of the parish of All Saints', Southampton, upon trust, to invest same and to apply the income towards the repair of the fabric of the church and the maintenance of the services; £1,000 to the said rector and churchwardens, upon trusts, for investment, and to divide the income annually in the month of December between ten unmarried women, members of the Church of England, residing in the parish of All Saints', who have attained the age of fifty-five years; and numerous and considerable legacies to relatives, servants, and others. All her real estate and the residue of her personal estate she gives equally between her nieces, Blanche St. Aubyn Dumaresq and Emily Saumarez Dumaresq.

The will (dated April 17, 1872), with two codicils (dated Jan. 16, 1877, and Sept. 19, 1892), of Mrs. Louisa Anne Dawson, late of 99, Marina, St. Leonards, who died on Oct. 6, was proved on Nov. 8 by William Henry Dawson, the husband, the sole executor, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £22,000. The testatrix gives £1,000, with compound interest at 5 per cent. from the date of the will, and, on the death of her husband, 22, Orchard Street, to her friend Julianne Frederica Powell; £100 to each of her husband's brothers, Eneas, Charles, Henry, and James; and the residue of her property to her husband.

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They also relieve Distress from Dyspepsia, Indigestion, and Too Hearty Eating. A perfect remedy for Sick Headache, Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Bad Taste in the Mouth, Coated Tongue, Pain in the Side. They regulate the Bowels and prevent Constipation. The smallest and easiest to take. Forty in a phial. PURELY VEGETABLE, and do not gripe or purge, but by their gentle action please all who use them. Established 1856. Standard Pill of the Dominion of Canada and the United States. In phials at 1s. 1d. Sold by all Chemists, or sent by post. ILLUSTRATED PAMPHLET FREE. British Depot: 46, HOLBORN VIADUCT, LONDON, E.C. At New York, U.S.: 57, MURRAY STREET.



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ECCLESIASTICAL NOTES.

The Bishop of Durham's visitation charge, concluded on Nov. 19, merits remark for its dealing with fresh topics, not precisely ecclesiastical or theological, but eminently religious. In his practical application of the doctrine of "The Incarnation, as a Revelation of Human Duties," Bishop Westcott discussed the ideal of international peace, of mutual charity and goodwill between civilised communities. "The glory of a nation," he said, "like that of an individual or of a class, lies not in supremacy but in service." The social instinct of man had found satisfaction from time to time in widening circles, in the family, the tribe, the nation, and it must extend to the whole human race. He characterised the Revolution of 1789 as an assertion of the rights of individual citizenship; the Revolutions of 1848 and subsequent wars as that of the rights of nationalities; and the movement now approaching as that of the confederation of Western Europe and America, seeking to avoid every cause of war, respecting foreign nations, and rejoicing in their welfare.

An interesting book has been published on the history of All Saints', Clifton, the sub-cathedral of Bristol. It was started in a very decidedly Evangelical neighbourhood, and it was six years from its conception before the church was opened, with only the chancel completed and a temporary nave. The Rev. H. W. Sargent was induced to leave Merton Chapel, Oxford, to take charge of the enterprise. He had to resign from ill-health, and his successor was the Rev. R. W. Randall, whose work is so widely known. The offertories are not now what they were, although still large. They are under £3000. When the building of the church was going on they had risen considerably above £6000.

What is to be the end of Toynbee Hall? Mr. T. H. Nunn discusses the question in the *Economic Review*, and complains of the hall being utilised by men bent on electioneering. He thinks, however, that Toynbee Hall is doing a good work in the soldering of society, a thing which politics can never accomplish and which the Church itself fatally hesitates to attempt. To this the *Church Times* replies that, while the clergy might have done more to solder society by paying less heed to artificial distinctions, it is not fair to charge the Church with the fault of her clerical members.

A curious paper on the Church of England appears in the *American Presbyterian Review*, from the pen of the Rev. Dr. Waller, who succeeded the late Dr. Boulton as president of Highbury Theological College. Dr. Waller is an Evangelical of the old orthodox type. In his opinion the theological influences at work are very unsettling. Bishop Westcott, he thinks, in particular, is responsible for the great alteration in current theology. Along with him as influences of primary force in the Church of England he places Mr. Gore and Prebendary Sadler, a somewhat singular selection. Mr. Waller admits candidly that, though he cannot approve of current theology, more work is being done than ever, and more energy displayed. He thinks that Bishop Lightfoot and Bishop Westcott, although intimate friends, were far apart in their theological ideas, Bishop Lightfoot being more conservative than his successor.

It is now nearly twenty years since an anonymous poem, "Olrig Grange," a story in verse, attracted unusual attention and passed through several editions. It was followed by "Borland Hall," "Hilda Among the Broken Gods," and others, none of them, perhaps, quite equal to the first.

The authorship was attributed to many well-known writers, but was at length acknowledged by Dr. Walter C. Smith, a minister of the Free Church of Scotland. Dr. Smith has been appointed Moderator, or President, of his Church, which has now entered on the jubilee of its existence. In his book, "An Edinburgh Eleven," Mr. J. M. Barrie has paid an eloquent tribute to Dr. Smith, one of the first to recognise the young novelist's genius when he was a student at Edinburgh University.

The Presbyterians and Congregationalists in London are beginning to draw closer together. A joint meeting of leading men on both sides was held the other night at the Memorial Hall. Hitherto the English Presbyterians have largely held apart from the Disestablishment movement, but they are now combining forces with other Nonconformists, and the speeches were mainly protests against the system of State churches. Among those who spoke were Dr. Monro Gibson, Dr. Newth, Dr. Parker, and Dr. W. J. Adams, formerly Vicar of All Saints', Dorchester, who has seceded owing to the Lincoln judgment.

It is a pity that the guarantors of the Folkestone Church Congress have been called upon for seven per cent.

It is understood that Dr. Hort has made very important contributions to the forthcoming new edition of Smith's "Dictionary of the Bible."

Mr. Ben Tillett, said to be a Congregationalist, is reported to have said that "the Church of England was taking the lead to-day in the development of a Christian democratic religion and a wide interest in the social problem," and predicted that "if the sects did not follow in its wake the masses would either go to the Church or be merged in some new sect."—V.

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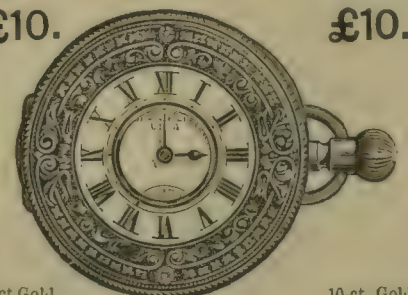
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MUSIC.

Verdi's "Otello" was performed at Covent Garden on Tuesday, Nov. 22, in the presence of a numerous and appreciative audience. The opera had not been heard in London since the summer of last year, when it was mounted at this house for the first time with M. Jean de Reszke, Madame Albani, and M. Maurel in the principal parts. These artists were now succeeded by Signor Giannini, Madame Melba, and M. Dufriche, and if the Italian tenor could not equal the gifted Pole in charm of voice and distinction of style, he at least contrived to present a vigorous and effective embodiment of the Moor of Venice and do fair justice to most of his music. Madame Melba had quite recovered from her indisposition, and proved in all respects a delightful Desdemona. The music suited her to perfection, and from no other singer have we heard it to such admirable advantage. In the love duet of the first act, and again in the touching "Willow Song" and "Ave Maria"

of the bed-chamber scene, the beautiful voice and irreproachable method of this talented artist enabled her to make a deep impression. She also threw adequate intensity of feeling into the fine ensemble where Desdemona is insulted by Othello before the Venetian envoys, her acting here being marked by unusual freedom and power. Altogether, Madame Melba achieved indisputable success, and earned a conspicuous share in the honours of an excellent performance. The Iago of M. Dufriche was beyond praise. Subtle, alert, always *en scène*, he gave a really powerful delineation of the scheming "Antient," his by-play throughout being especially good. Moreover, he sang his music admirably, and gave the famous "Credo" with splendid force, allied with truly diabolical sentiment. Mlle. Guercia made a passable Emilia, Signor Abramoff was a satisfactory Lodovico, and Signor Corsi as Cassio did well in the "handkerchief" trio. The chorus was in unusually good form, and the orchestra, under Signor Bevignani's careful guidance, executed

the beautiful instrumentation of the opera with welcome refinement and intelligence. Needless to add that the *mise en scène* was worthy of Sir Augustus Harris's reputation.

The Merchants' Exchange at Cardiff, a large hall surrounded by business offices, under which were warehouses and the Pierhead Restaurant, was destroyed by a great fire early on Saturday morning, Nov. 19.

The Royal Commissioners of the World's Fair, Chicago, through their secretary, Sir Henry Trueman Wood, have placed at the disposal of Mr. Henry Sell a considerable space for an exhibition of old newspapers of the world—namely, copies of the earliest dates obtainable. At the close of the Fair it is Mr. Sell's intention to establish a permanent free exhibition of old newspapers in London. Assistance is invited from newspaper proprietors and others towards making the collection as complete as possible.

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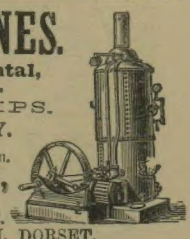
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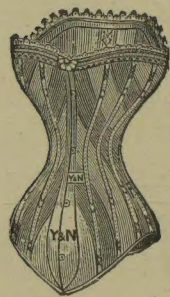
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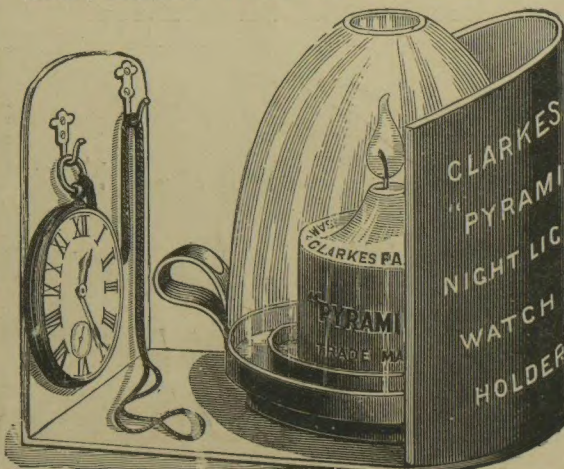
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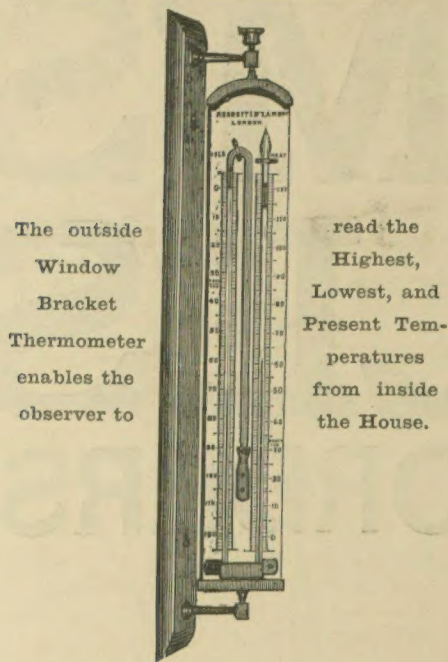
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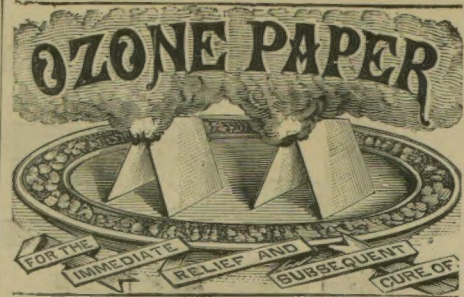
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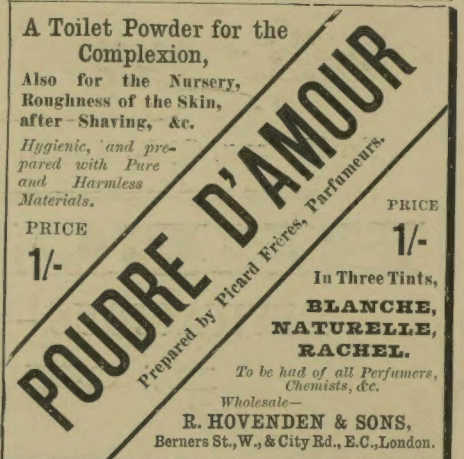
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